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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government had a narrow squeak on Wednesday night when the majority sank to two on a proposed new clause in the Finance Bill debate. The Conservatives and Labour men were in full force and voted on straight party lines; the Liberals, as usual, were split into three factions—those who voted pro or con, and those who did not vote at all.

The actual proposal was introduced by a Liberal member, but in these days that appears to be no reason why other Liberals should give their support. Four Liberals voted with the Government, and twelve abstained. The immediate result is, of course, one more crisis in the party, whose controlling principle is now to avoid a general election at all costs. In doing so, it is sinking to the position of the tail that does not even wag the Labour dog.

The North Norfolk by-election was a near thing, the Labour majority of two thousand last year being reduced to a paltry 179, despite the absence of a Liberal candidate. Part of the Liberal vote this time seems to have gone to Lady Noel-Buxton, who actually polled two hundred more than her husband a twelvemonth back; but more than half of the three thousand Liberals in the constituency voted for the Conservative, whose total was two thousand up.

The result and the fact that the polling showed a much higher percentage than at previous by-elections is obviously due to the interest evoked by Empire Free Trade, and the presence in the constituency for the last ten days of Lord Beaverbrook, who has been untiring in speech-making. The result is good, though not quite good enough, and should encourage the head of the Empire Crusade to fresh efforts for the cause he is fighting so doggedly against foes within and without his own party.



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Meanwhile unemployment still continues to grow, and at 1,890,600 we are getting uncomfortably near the predicted two million. Six months ago Mr. Thomas, relying no doubt on the advice of skilled economists, believed that we had passed the peak of the crisis. But there is no indication that we have yet touched bottom.

It would be unjust to say that the Government have done nothing. They have introduced a Bill; not, indeed, to cure unemployment (they have repented of last year's folly of promises); nor yet to undertake any definite work of national development (Mr. Snowden forbids that). Merely a little Bill to encourage local authorities (who are overspent already) to spend a little more.

This attempt to throw the burden on other shoulders is not intended to insult the unemployed. But it is an insult to the intelligence of employed and unemployed alike; it would be better for the Government to admit frankly, what everybody knows, that they have no remedy, and that even if they had, Mr. Snowden would forbid it being used.

The flowing tide towards Empire Free Trade is a great testimony to Lord Beaverbrook's courage, energy and tactical skill. But there is a rock ahead, which no one seems to notice at present. Supposing the best happened, and all three parties in the existing Parliament agreed on the principle of imposing duties on foreign foodstuffs in return for adequate tariff concessions from the Dominions. The Government, I presume, would then attempt to make a provisional agreement with the Dominions at the Imperial Conference. Having got the draft, they would ask the existing House of Commons to pass the necessary tariff Bill, or they would dissolve and seek fresh authority from the country. In any case, the result would be uncertain until the vote was taken.

Is there really any prospect of obtaining a draft agreement with the Dominions collectively, or even with any one of them, under such conditions? It implies that the Dominion Government would commit itself to certain changes in its own tariff, either reducing duty on British goods or raising it further on foreign goods, and that these commitments would be published forthwith, in order that the British Parliament—either this one or the next—might vote upon the proposed bargain.

In the meantime, the Dominions would have to stand the racket of an outcry at home from those sections which might feel themselves adversely affected by the proposed changes. If the British electorate turned down the bargain, as not being good enough, the Dominion Government would have incurred all the political odium for nothing. Would any of them be found willing to risk its existence on such a gamble?

This is no new difficulty. It has always confronted the policy of trying to get a provisional bargain with the Dominions before asking this country to sanction "food taxes." Before the war, Bonar Law himself had come to realize it, and he made it a reason for dropping the Referen-

dum, which his predecessor had proposed. But it remains the same if you substitute a General Election for the Referendum, or a "free vote" in a House of Commons where the Government does not command a party majority. The one side stands committed, the other does not. Ever since 1905, when Joseph Chamberlain made the first attempt with Canada, it has been found impossible to get to business on such terms.

Normally, a Government negotiating a trade treaty is in a position to get it ratified; the treaty being in accordance with its declared policy, and the Government having an assured majority in Parliament. When both Governments are in this position there is no political bar to negotiation, the presumption being that once they have reached an agreement the thing is done and they will stand or fall by the actual results.

If any Dominion were now found willing to make a firm offer of further concessions in return for favours which would merely be contingent on an uncertain vote of the British House of Commons or electorate, it would be a remarkable break with their tradition in this matter. I do not say it is impossible, having regard to the economic difficulties which beset the Dominions as well as ourselves. But it is obvious that the tactics as well as the major strategy of the position will need careful study.

The Viceroy's speech to the Indian Legislature is being rather severely criticized, not merely on account of its studied vagueness, but because it seems to contain the implication that the Simon Report will not be adhered to in the autumn. Lord Irwin is not a strong man, and he is admittedly in a difficult position, but something more nearly approaching decision and leadership would have been desirable in the circumstances.

The fact of news being censored from India has, as always happens, given rise to exaggerated reports. But there is no cause for anxiety. Only a few days ago a correspondent in Bombay wrote informing me that although there have been more widespread disturbances than have leaked out, never once, in any part of India, have the authorities been unable to deal with the matter. There are fewer troops at hand than usual, but there are enough tanks and aeroplanes to cope with any trouble, and the proof of this is that ordinary home leave is being granted, whenever applied for.

The publication of the inside story of the famous *Daily Telegraph* interview with the Kaiser shows that it was to some extent one of the mainsprings of the Great War. Here was a German Kaiser in danger of being extinguished altogether, like a penny candle, by an article in an English newspaper. Such a storm did it provoke that the Conservative or "armour-plate" Press indulged in language which had never before been addressed to a King of Prussia. In fact, the Kaiser had now forfeited all his popularity and it was in the hope of recovering it that he yielded more and

more to the Jingoës. There followed Agadir and 1914.

Conan Doyle was to most of us when young the father of Sherlock Holmes, and a greater than Scott and Thackeray and all the immortals. There are still moods to-day when the glamour returns and one goes back to Moriarty and Moran and the mysterious Mycroft, and shudders over Red-Headed Leagues, Stolen Treaties, Second Stains, and all the other old familiar friends; no detective in fiction has ever rivalled the mighty sleuth of Baker Street, and none ever seems likely to again.

The other novels, bar 'Rodney Stone,' were hardly the stuff that lasts. But one of the short stories, which depicted a whole company dying of a poisoned meal, had the authentic touch of genius; only Mr. H. G. Wells, I think, among contemporary authors, could have conveyed just that touch of horror. Apart from this, there were Doyle's contributions to spiritualism. I read them carefully, as possible evidence of the super-normal, but they were valueless.

Perhaps Conan Doyle was too convinced a believer to preach to any but the converted; but—strangely enough in the creator of Sherlock Holmes—he had little sense of what constitutes evidence, and in the field to which he devoted his later years he ranks far below Myers and Barrett and Flammarion. It is part of the irony of things that he will be remembered for Holmes and Watson, and that he would have liked to disown his famous children.

One of the minor regrets of life was missing the finish of the University Match at Lord's. The game looked like the usual draw at tea time, but Cambridge crowded close up to the Oxford batsmen in the last innings, and frightened rather than bowled them out for 101 all told. The wicket, though a trifle dusty, was true enough, but better nerves rather than better cricket, won the day.

By the death of Major Bryan Cooper the Irish Free State loses a leader she can ill spare. Loyalty to the best interests of Ireland was the guiding principle of his life, and although he sat for some years at Westminster as a Unionist, he reconciled himself to the new order as soon as it was established. A country gentleman from Sligo, he set an example to his class which it is to be hoped that they will follow, and his removal in the prime of life is a very great misfortune for a nation which so badly needs men of his type to guide its destinies.

Almost without exception, the Succession States of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire are becoming increasingly more unsettled, and it is clear that the future of all of them is still to seek. The new King of Rumania has yet to prove his ability, for there can be no doubt that his restoration was his country's last card, and the financial situation is far from being satisfactory; while no nation that has Russia for a neighbour can ever feel completely at its ease.

So far as Jugo-Slavia is concerned, I cannot help doubting the wisdom of King Alexander's declaration that the dictatorship is to be permanent. It is bound to irritate the Serbs, who have no love for autocracy, while it weakens the Jugo-Slav case against a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary if pure monarchy is to be the order of the day at Belgrade. Democracy has certainly proved itself to be impracticable in the triune kingdom, but to say openly that such is the case is quite another matter.

Meanwhile, the prospect of a return of the Hapsburgs to Hungary is imminent, though whether the Archduke Otto will succeed depends on himself and on his ability to show that he is an Alfonso XII rather than a Comte de Chambord. In short, the outlook in all the Danubian states is distinctly unsettled and it is not rendered any more hopeful by the efforts of France and Italy to trouble the waters still further for their own better fishing.

It is peculiarly unfortunate for Australia that, at the moment when it is her first necessity to put her financial house in order, a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the circumstances of a Queensland mining transaction should find Mr. Theodore, the Federal Finance Minister, then the Queensland Premier, guilty of fraud and dishonesty. Mr. Theodore has resigned and demands a judicial trial. Obviously, if he is to remain in public life, the matter cannot be allowed to rest with Mr. ex-Justice Campbell's report, which bluntly calls a spade a spade.

Apart from the gravity of the personal issue, the report is a crushing indictment of State speculation. Here was a mine which the Government bought for £40,000, and on which the State lost £1,142,000. If the Government's hands were clean, it was none the less serious an instance of anti-public incompetence. Mr. Theodore, some years ago, had to eat humble pie on account of his repudiation of the pastoralist leaseholders' contractual rights. His "ideals" have been costly to Queensland.

I suppose that it is quite useless to hope that the authorities will ever hearken to the advice given them by the Press and limit horse traffic on the London streets. I am quite willing to believe that the horse is the noblest friend of man, but it is a little difficult to regard him in that light when one is in a hurry and a whole line of motor traffic is being held up by one horse-drawn vehicle which happens to have got in front.

No one seriously suggests that horses should be completely banned from the streets, but they might well be confined to the less crowded thoroughfares between eight in the morning and seven at night. As things are at present, the traffic is only too often condemned to wend its way along the streets at a pace and in a manner more suited to a caravan in the desert. Here, surely, is an opportunity for Mr. Morrison to confer a boon upon Londoners even more acceptable than his colleague's Lido in Hyde Park.

THE TWILIGHT OF FREE TRADE

"I BELIEVE that if you abolish the Corn Law honestly, and adopt free trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years, to follow your example."—COBDEN, at Manchester, January 15, 1846.

"The progress of free trade is constant, victorious, and irresistible."—EARL RUSSELL, 1870.

"About 30 per cent. of our population is underfed, on the verge of hunger; 30 per cent. of forty-one millions, something over twelve million persons."—SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN at Perth, June 5, 1903.

Unemployment figures July 1, 1929—1,142,382.

Unemployment figures June 30, 1930—1,890,600.

The events of the past few weeks constitute a definite vindication of the practical common sense of the British people, and are an answer to those, whether at home or abroad, who would have us believe that the nation has no longer the spirit left to extricate itself from difficulties which are to a very large extent the legacy of the war. It is not many years since it would have appeared incredible that either a representative body of bankers, which included Mr. Reginald McKenna on the one hand, or the Trade Union Council on the other, would have pronounced in favour of Protection; but the miracle has happened, and whatever may be the immediate consequences upon the floor or in the division-lobbies of the House of Commons, it is abundantly clear that large sections of the population are at long last moving in the direction of that scheme of fiscal reform which the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain first advocated over a quarter of a century ago.

Last week we welcomed the attitude adopted by the Trade Union Council as evidence that the more practical section of the Government's supporters realizes the need for developing our Imperial heritage, and appreciates the fact that as a preliminary step the adoption of a Protectionist policy is essential. Reflection has only confirmed us in the view which we then expressed, and also in the belief that if the Prime Minister retains Mr. Snowden at the Treasury he may well be the cause of a split in the party which he leads. Indeed, so uncertain is the political situation at the present time that we are by no means prepared to exclude the possibility of a coalition between the Conservative and Labour exponents of Protection to carry the scheme in which they both believe—just as a century ago Catholic Emancipation was only made possible by the junction of Whigs and Tories. However that may be, what the recommendations of the Trade Union Council are to official Labour, so is the bankers' manifesto to the Liberals, who for many years past have regarded the financial interest in general, and Mr. McKenna in particular, as the pillars of Free Trade. Now, in very truth, the pillars are giving way, and the Cobdenite temple is collapsing upon the heads of those who have worshipped in it for so long. As if a repudiation of the old Liberal beliefs were not enough, the bankers have not hesitated to go further still,

and to advocate a tax upon foreign foodstuffs, a suggestion of which the mere mention is sufficient to rouse any Liberal to a veritable frenzy of indignation. The Cobdenites appear to think they have been betrayed. So they have; but they have been betrayed, not by a faction, but by the facts of the current economic situation.

For our part, we have no hesitation in stating our belief that the changed attitude of the Trade Union Council and of the banking world is but a reflection of what is taking place in the country as a whole. Those very centres of population which showed themselves most hostile to the proposals of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain are now clamouring for the imposition of a tariff. At the general election of 1906 not a single Conservative was returned to the House of Commons for the city of Nottingham, and yet to-day it is one of the protagonists of Protection. The deplorable state of the principal industry in Lancashire has caused bodies like the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and leaders of public opinion such as Lord Derby, to come to the conclusion that Protection is their only hope, while the idle wharves along the banks of the Mersey are ranging the shipowners of Liverpool under the banner of Tariff Reform. Yorkshire has the same tale to tell, and the silent looms of the West Riding are driving home the old lesson that it is useless to fight foreign tariffs with no other weapon than free imports. Indeed, from all quarters of the United Kingdom the same story reaches us. Men and women of every class, and of all schools of political thought, are arriving at the conclusion that the salvation of British industry lies in Protection alone, and, when they get a chance to voice their opinions at the poll, they will do so in no uncertain manner.

Now, gratifying as is this proof of the sterling good sense of our fellow-countrymen, it must meet with some response from above, and in existing circumstances that response can only come from the leader of the Conservative Party. It is true that Mr. Thomas, a Free Trader ever since he emerged from his political cradle, has announced that at the forthcoming Imperial Conference no remedy will be excluded on theoretical grounds. He was speaking for himself, and we believe him; but Mr. Thomas is neither Prime Minister nor Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. MacDonald will not even consider safeguarding as a remedy at home, while Mr. Snowden's attitude to the Empire, long notorious, has recently been demonstrated afresh by his repeated cold refusal to consider any constructive proposals whatever, at home or overseas. Mr. Thomas is therefore bound hand and foot by his colleagues, the Liberals are bound by their dogmatic past, and the movement for Protection consequently devolves on the Conservatives.

We have said some hard things about Mr. Baldwin when we believed him to be in the wrong, but if the motion which he has tabled in the House of Commons means that he is going to give the full weight of his authority to the cause of Empire Free Trade, then he can count us among his loyal followers. We have no doubt whatever that upon this question Mr. Baldwin's heart is in the right place, for he

fought Kidderminster as a rigid Protectionist no less than twenty-four years ago, but we wish he did not so frequently suffer from palpitation, particularly where taxes on food are concerned.

In these circumstances we feel that the duty of every Conservative, be he leader or led, is to follow the admirable advice given by Sir Austen Chamberlain in his speech at Birmingham last Saturday, when he urged Members of the party rather to concentrate upon reaping the harvest that is whitening in the fields than upon the minor differences which separate them from those who have the same objects, but are employing slightly different methods to achieve them. If, as we hope and trust, the motion standing in the name of Mr. Baldwin means that he has hearkened to the counsels of Sir Austen, then, given the changing attitude of the country, we confidently assert that the first step will have been taken towards the adoption of Protection, and the twilight of Free Trade will already have begun to deepen into night.

CONSERVATISM AND THE STATE

By JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER

(President of the Oxford Union)

POLITICAL thinkers have sometimes held that the sole social duty of the State is to be the holding of the ring within which various interests are free to struggle for wealth and power; in fact that the State is simply "a hinderer of hindrances." The barbarities which this doctrine, crystallized into the dogma of *laissez-faire*, both allowed and blessed, led directly to the rise of a school which held that the State should take as its function the supervision and control of every side of human activity. This school has become dominant in the early twentieth century as the other was dominant in the early nineteenth, but as its consequent reaction appears to be on the way, it would be as well for Conservatism to realize where it stands as regards a question which transcends and contains every problem of domestic policy.

And Conservatism is unlikely to be led into the political desert which lies on either extreme because it is fundamentally a believer in experience rather than in the results of intellectual processes carried on in the intellectual vacuum of the study; and it is only the rationalist who goes to extremes. The historian always realizes that there are two sides to every question, and seeks the one supported by the greater proportion of truth. And the Conservative sees in history and in experience that the action of the State, and the limitation of that action, cannot be laid down by any theory, however ingenious. The statutes of Queen Elizabeth and their effects make the supporter of excessive interference hesitate; the Industrial Revolution causes doubt to the open-minded believers in relatively unrestricted private enterprise. Conservatism holds rather to the patriarchal idea of holding the balance even among sections and interests.

Conservatism does not believe that economic forces should be allowed to depress below a certain level the standard of life of any class; and if that class is itself unable by legal means to prevent such a process, the State should interfere. It should interfere partly because the State exists for the benefit of its citizens, and partly because it has been discovered that starving

men are apt to overthrow a system which cannot feed them. State assistance is justified, not on any theoretical grounds or doctrines of the Rights of Man, but on grounds of pure expediency. If one admits that a man, as a human being, has a right to support from the State, it is easy to argue that that man has a right to as great a degree of comfort as another man has won for himself; and if social equality is thus added to political equality, not only is there no theoretical basis for the present organization of society, but also, which is more important, for any form of society, not excluding the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, which is in any degree practicable.

But this holding of the balance must be applied in every direction. If undue discrimination is used against any section of the community, it is the duty of Conservatism to attempt to redress that balance, a duty which was carried out during the nineteenth century by the passing of Factory Acts in the teeth of Liberal opposition. J. S. Mill, profound believer in democratic government as he was, always thought that the greatest danger that popular government would be exposed to would arise when a relatively poor majority would attempt to use their power to persecute a wealthy minority. It is generally agreed that much is expected of him to whom much is given, but as soon as it is evident that taxation is being used, as Mr. Snowden would certainly like to use it, not as a means of financing the State, but as an instrument of extortion, then it is the duty of Conservatism to intervene. Whether penal taxation has already been applied or not is an open question; but experience has always shown the danger both of persecuting a powerful minority and of discouraging the efforts of those on whose efforts much of the well-being of the community depends.

Free Trade is the epitome of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and its theoretical basis depends on the assumption that there will be no artificial interference with its effects on wages, hours, and employment. Liberalism, with its genuine belief in individual enterprise still but slightly tempered by the programmes of Mr. Lloyd George, is logical enough in its advocacy of Free Trade; but Socialism, which is essentially an interventionist attitude of mind, is strangely perverse in advocating protection in labour and Free Trade in goods. It is not the object of the writer to demonstrate the economic arguments for Protection; but were every one of these exploded, he would still advocate it on political grounds. Control of tariffs offers to the State a method of controlling the eccentricities of economic forces. It enables the State to maintain in existence an industry which is economically unfitted to meet foreign competition, but which is socially desirable. It might appear right to the rulers of a country to prevent, by means of tariffs, its transformation from an agricultural into an industrial state, and the Governments of certain British Dominions are justified, if probably misguided, in their efforts to obtain the opposite results by the same means. A writer in the Press recently pointed out that in considering the claims of an industry to safeguarding, the question of its effect on the health of its workers was never taken into account, although such considerations are exactly those which Conservatism should have in mind, and for which there is ample precedent in the special support given to industries which are valuable from the point of view of national defence.

But the greatest political and social problem connected with the fiscal question is that of imperial unity; and interference with the natural trend of economic forces, and even economic sacrifice, would be in accordance with Conservative tradition if by means of them a political gain was obtained such as the stabilization and unification of the Empire.

But Conservatism would be acting in a manner alien to its traditions if it were to interfere in economic

matters in a manner which actual working has shown to produce more economic loss than political gain. State management and ownership of industry has in practice proved to be less efficient from the industrial point of view than private enterprise, as the French State Railways, and the Australian and United States Shipping Boards go far to prove. This is not to claim that every State-run industry has failed, but it justifies the presumption that on the whole private enterprise is the more efficient. Against this economic loss, the only political gains which are brought forward in support of State ownership are the theoretical one of social equality, which makes no strong appeal to the Conservative imagination, and the extremely doubtful practical one of increasing the political spoils, on the side of patronage, of the party in power. Well-paid managerial posts in the gift of the Government of the day must increase the incentive to corruption, and this would seem by itself to outweigh any gain that would result from the elimination of a certain amount of wasteful competition.

Conservatism would not, on these grounds, deny that certain enterprises, such as the Post Office, should be managed by the State, any more than it would dogmatize one way or the other as to principles of State interference in local government, in health, in industrial disputes. It holds that there are certain expedients which have in the course of time acquired claims to respect, and presuppositions in their favour; while individual cases have the right individually to be discussed. Its view of the State is on these grounds patriarchal; States have only endured in which one interest has not been able to harm another unduly, and in which the most wholesome elements have been encouraged; and its view, on these general rules, as in all other matters, is that principles which have been long accepted must be proved wrong before they are discarded; Radicalism demands that they must be proved right before they are retained.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE

BY THE REV. J. C. HARDWICK

WHETHER the three hundred bishops who assembled at Lambeth on July 7 will make history it is hard to say. The Church of England at present is hardly a happy band of brothers, and the dissensions of the rank and file will probably be reflected in the proceedings of their spiritual superiors. Thus if unanimity is necessary for the making of history, very little history will be made.

The general subject of the Conference, 'The Faith and Witness of the Church in this Day and Generation,' is certainly wide, not to say nebulous, enough to lend itself to platitudinous treatment, and no doubt a large amount of more or less vague idealism will be ventilated; but it is doubtful if these ecclesiastics have the expert knowledge necessary for showing us a way out of our present difficulties, social, economic, and ethical. We may get some "brave" pronouncements delivered by the more warm-hearted or hot-headed, where we should prefer to have well-informed if cautious judgments. On the whole we may hope that the social idealists and amateur economists with which every ecclesiastical assembly swarms will keep in the background upon this occasion, though such people are not usually prone to follow the Gospel precept to take a back seat. They do not wait for someone to say, "Friend, come up higher," but take the footlights automatically.

In all probability such persons will be given their say, but the real business of the Conference will go on without them. The mistake is to suppose that this assembly will be any different in kind from any other gathering of professional men, or will be concerned with anything

but purely professional matters. It will not really be so very different from a meeting of the B.M.A., or even of an ordinary Trade Union.

Such associations are in general concerned with practical affairs, and the question of professional qualifications will bulk largely on the episcopal agenda. In the Church this question of professional qualification is a more complex one than in the case of other occupations. It is not a question of having served a proper apprenticeship, as it is in the case of a carpenter, or of having passed some recognized examination, as in the case of a doctor, or even of possessing some special intellectual or spiritual gifts, as in the case of a poet or artist. The whole matter is complicated by the question of what exactly constitutes a valid ministry. What is it, in short, that makes a priest a real priest, i.e., one who can perform and administer sacraments which shall be real and efficacious?

The preponderating school of opinion in the Church of England takes the "high" view of the ministry, i.e., that it derives its validity and authority through direct succession from the Apostles, and through them from Christ Himself, who ordained expressly that the system should function in a particular manner. The *Church Times* with customary lucidity in a recent leading article declared that this school holds that "Ministerial authority was entrusted by Christ to the Apostles, and is transmitted through its episcopal possessors. They believe that authority to consecrate the Eucharist is to be obtained by the principle of succession, and in no other way. They believe that the Church has, by the will of Christ, a definite ministerial constitution. Of this they are sure. Of any other methods of ministry they are not. They dare not place the uncertain on a level with the certain."

The plain man might suppose that the matter at issue, i.e., the question how the ministry originated and developed might be left to a committee of historians, and that everything might be arranged amicably in the light of their verdict. But a theological theory when once firmly established, and when vested interests have begun to cluster round it, does not so easily surrender to the fiat of the historian. After all, the past is uncertain, and the historian may be wrong. Tradition speaks, and surely the voice of tradition is the authentic voice of history. The fact is that, as in the parable the man without the wedding garment was cast forth into outer darkness, so historical facts which do not fit in with the orthodox scheme may be repudiated by the theologian. Thus to the clerical mind it matters little that the theory of Apostolic Succession disinterred by Newman and Pusey, and popularized by "good churchmen" like Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, is regarded by competent historians as no more than a legend. The believers say that they know better. As the *Church Times* puts it, "Of this they are sure," and what more can be said? There is no arguing with omniscience.

Unfortunately this is not, as it might appear to be, a purely academic question. If it were, it might safely be left to the historians, and bishops would not meddle with it. But the answer you give to this question about the origin of the ministry will determine your attitude towards the ministries of those other Churches which do not accept the theory of Apostolic Succession, and have either rejected episcopacy, or if they do accept it, do so on grounds of mere expediency, much in the same way as most British citizens accept the Monarchy. In short, the whole question of reunion depends upon the theory held about the origin and nature of the ministry. Reunion with Rome, for example, would be easy if the Pope would recognize Anglican orders. But so long as the Roman view is that even the highest of high Anglican clergymen is only a layman in fancy dress, we remain unreconciled. So also in the case of our Nonconformist brethren; so long as Anglican parsons regard them as the B.M.A. regards osteopaths,

reunion will approach no nearer. The difficulty which blocks all schemes of reunion is that the Anglican Communion unchurches all churches save the one by which it is itself unchurched.

Of course reunion may or may not be a good thing. It might conceivably lead to the formation of an immovable block of protestant fundamentalism—a barrier to progress, intellectual, social, and religious. And as Non-conformity is declared by some observers to be obviously dying, it is perhaps not worth while to bother with it. Why tie yourself to a corpse? But altogether apart from this, it is no bad thing that the South Indian scheme for reunion, which will bulk so large on the agenda of the coming Conference, and will be, indeed, the chief topic for discussion, will force the bishops to tackle this problem of the ministry, which is really quite ripe for handling. So far as the Church is concerned it is far more important than economic, social, and even ethical problems, since, until it is decided, the Church cannot know where it stands, nor what it stands for.

The trouble is that professional feeling disguised as principle is so strong among the clergy that bishops have to walk very carefully. They have to think of the devout rabble for whom the Apostolic Succession is a far more important part of Christianity than the Sermon on the Mount. The temptation to which they will probably yield will be to devise some formula sufficiently ambiguous to offend nobody because it will please nobody. The *Church Times*, which sees that its own more definite view is unlikely to prevail, even voices a hope that this may be the case: "It will be a singular departure from all Anglican precedent if the united diplomatic, prudent and cautious elements in the forthcoming Conference are unable to produce a formula sufficiently ambiguous to avert the danger of calamitous schism or secession."

The threat embodied in the final line need not, perhaps, be taken too seriously. Many clergy, like other people, enjoy playing with ideas which they would never dare to put into practice. Where will these malcontents go if they do secede? To Rome? Few of them would be comfortable, even if they could get rid of their wives, in a priesthood where one had to do as one is told, and where one's social position is not what it might be. And what about emoluments? Not every seceding Archdeacon will repeat the career of Manning and acquire a Cardinal's Hat. In the Anglican priesthood you already have all the advantages of Roman Catholicism with none of its disadvantages; you have the ornaments and frillings without the military discipline. Why should the Anglican clergy of our South Coast watering-places put themselves under the necessity of kissing the toe of some Irish bishop of imperfect education and impossible family? Even Newman, who could overlook much, saw that the ears of the Italian ecclesiastics into which he poured his plaintive eloquence were not always too clean.

But perhaps the *Church Times* is right, and the bishops may decide on the use of episcopal language which customarily means nothing. If this is what happens, the public will shrug its shoulders and pass on. The Church of England will have lost a little more of its prestige; and there is little left to spare.

INDIA: SINK OR SWIM?

By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

IF I were asked to prove British justice by giving one, and only one, instance, without hesitation I would proclaim it to reside in the Simon Report, for this encyclopædic work is British honesty personified. Unmoved by passion and shorn of sentiment, the entire working of over 150 years of British rule in India is interpreted in the cold light

of political logic, and the Commissioners have fortunately not left us in a mist of controversy, but clearly indicated the solution of the problem.

The Report, among other things, has proved that India is not a nation; and that being very definitely the case, the minority question in that country tests the courage and stamina of future politicians both here and in India. There are the Muslims, the Europeans, the Indian Christians, the Sikhs, the Depressed Classes, who, in certain respects, have more at stake in the Indian constitution than the High-Caste Hindus lashed by the Gandhi school; and above all the Indian Princes, who in many cases have direct relations with the British Crown.

I shall make no attempt to reproduce the figures, but I can hardly conceive another problem in the whole range of the Indian situation which has been more earnestly pondered than this question of minorities; and yet little capable of solution has been suggested previously, because the Indians themselves have viewed it as an isolated question, that is, a communal subject between Hindus and Muslims only. The failure to solve it by such means is a complete proof of its inter-relationship with an all-Indian peninsula problem.

Both the Lucknow Pact, at which the Muslims were to have 33 per cent. representation at the Central Legislature, and later the Nehru Report, and All-Parties Conferences in which the formulæ of a Hindu-Muslim understanding was laid down, failed hopelessly for the sufficient reason that the interdependence of these subjects was not appreciated by the Indian Congress. The Commissioners have realized the connexion, and the Report has succeeded in viewing the problem in correct perspective by recommending that minorities shall be represented on communal lines, as the only effective guarantee for the safeguarding of their interests. This, coupled with the additional recommendation to invest the Governors and the Viceroy with powers to veto bills, which they consider detrimental to the rightful claims of a minority, provides further protection to the Muslims and others in India.

Nor is the question of dealing with the Indian States abandoned to the mercy of the Central Legislature. Can any reasonable student of practical politics doubt the wisdom of these precautions? Does it also not prove indirectly that the position of the minorities was imperilled by the Brahmanic oligarchy? That there should be a general feeling of disappointment among the followers of Gandhi on account of the recommendations of the Simon Report is not wholly unexpected: and that manifestation of bitterness on their part enables serious observers to determine the extent to which the Hindus wished to over-ride the destinies of their countrymen.

The Report has done a further service by tackling the future relationship of Indian India—that third of the country which is not ruled by the British, but by the Princes. It is obvious, of course, that on account of the conditions after the war, the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms grappled with the subject in more or less half-hearted manner, but it would be impossible to shut one's eyes to the enormous moral and material progress which Indian-governed India has made in comparison with British India; and, consequently, in any future development of the constitution in that country, it was necessary to state emphatically the part that the Maharajahs might play.

Contrary to the demands of the Swarajists, when their party wanted to control the affairs of the Indian States from the Central Legislature at Delhi, in which they had a majority, the Simon Report has gone to the heart of things by devising a plan by which Indian-governed India could usefully form a part of a great federation of Hindustan, and work in co-operation with their countrymen without losing their rights and privileges as self-sufficient areas.

When the world is seeking political actualities, it is interesting to note that the Simon Report lifts the question of the Indian Army out of the native grasp, and makes it an Imperial concern. Nothing can be more sagacious; it is a legitimate criticism of the claim to complete independence. The people have proved themselves utterly incapable of defending their own borders, or even of maintaining internal order. Has it ever been done by Hindu India, not even excepting the time of Ashokah, for the Muslims, apart from some who intermarried in the country, are virtually the descendants of those whose ancestors thundered down the Kyber from Kabul and beyond? The martial spirit of a race is not taught in schools. It is born in the blood, and that came mostly from beyond the rocky defiles of Afghanistan. On that score the Commission's stand, that the Army in India is an imperial affair, is correct. The material of which soldiers are made is found only in certain elements of the population, and the supply is unequal to the demand.

But averse as I am to the Westernization of the East, perhaps I am forgetting that the destiny which impels you here in England to move the immovable in India, has strengthened the mind of Sir John Simon and his colleagues to devise yet another system based on representative government so as to give individual liberty and freedom—although it is a moot point whether the average Briton receives it himself to the full even under his parent system here. Laden with the necessary defects of the first real attempt as the Report's suggestions must be, nevertheless the majority of its solutions, especially with regard to proportional representation and complete autonomy of Provincial Governments, can admit of no dispute: indeed, they are the only ones. In concentrating upon the free play of constitutional development in the Provinces, the Commissioners have exceeded the hopes of the greatest modern law-givers, inasmuch as, for his main consideration, Sir John Simon had clearly in sight the difficulties of constructing an Indian Constitutional Unity from such extraordinary diversity in the life of the people. Quite clearly permanent cohesion is possible only between fairly approximating units.

Such units, then, are the Indian Provinces. They are to grow in a healthy and free environment, and during growth to lend strength to the parent federation. The device has the further advantage of not setting a time limit to the completion of the State, which would be worthy of as great respect as other parts of the British Empire.

The Indian people are now to be the masters of their own destiny both in the spirit and the letter. The sooner they progress in the Provinces, the sooner will their goal be reached. Nobody can hinder them but themselves; no one can honestly say that Great Britain has not granted self-government to India. It is now time for the political wisdom of the Indians to show itself, because, with the adoption of such measures as the Report recommends, the story of the British control over that country would definitely end.

The Muslims and other important minorities must take the fullest advantage of this opening of a new horizon; and the Hindus, too, if they can be persuaded to swim with the natural current of world events, must realize that the proposals of the Simon Report give them actually more than they asked for. It makes them the virtual masters of their own destiny; I repeat, let them go forward slowly or rapidly as they please. They may choose their own pace, to arrive at the goal of their desire.

What the Report does not do is to indulge in catch phrases, as Dominion Status, Self-Government, Independence and such like. In essence, these terms mean nothing where there is no substance. If the

Commissioners had done little else than dispel the political mystery that invests such shibboleths, they would have justified their work. Actually, they have done much more: they have set India on the high road to real progress. Their findings and proposals appear so conclusive and unequivocal that before the jury of world opinion the opposition of the followers of Gandhi would be tantamount to a deliberate attempt to throw dust in the eyes of mankind. The measures proposed in the Report are examples of high statesmanship without parallel in the history of the contemporary East.

THE RATIONALIZATION OF PARLIAMENT

BY LT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

ONE of the curiosities of present-day politics is that while many Members of Parliament of all parties are urging rationalization of British industry, we politicians seem incapable of rationalizing our own institutions. Physician, heal thyself!

It is a fact that, with only minor modifications, we are trying to do the work of twentieth-century government with a procedure of the eighteenth century.

In those days of wigs and swords and sedan chairs, the country was governed by a small oligarchy, the Departments of State were few, and the most important business of Parliament was to provide the money needed for the small Budgets of those days and to see that the defences of the country were kept in order.

To-day the Parliamentary machine has literally broken down through being overloaded. The business of an elected House of Commons is not to make legislation impossible but to discuss and, if possible, improve Bills brought in by the Government of the day. And if it becomes impossible to get through even a moderate legislative programme, the whole basis of democracy is undermined.

The old idea of the business of an Opposition to "oppose everything, propose nothing and turn out the Government" may have been all right a hundred years ago; but to-day it is making Parliamentary Government impossible.

The congestion of public business towards the end of a Session that has lasted since May, 1929, has led to the dropping of two important measures which had actually passed their Second Reading. There was a clear majority in the House of Commons for the Education Bill. The Liberal and Labour Parties wanted the school-leaving age raised in any case; the Conservative opposition to the extra year's schooling was not really serious, the principal objection put forward being that it was inopportune; while the concordat, so painfully arrived at with reference to the Voluntary Schools, was desired by the Anglicans, who are predominant in the Conservative Party in both Chambers. Yet this Bill has had to be postponed; and the local authorities, who have to provide the extra accommodation and make the necessary arrangements for an extra number of children kept longer at school, are thrown into confusion.

So with the Consumers' Council Bill. It passed second reading on the floor of the House, but was then killed in Grand Committee upstairs, not on its merits but because the Opposition desired to prevent certain other Bills coming on and being taken before the same Grand Committee. It will be generally agreed, quite apart from party affinities, that some protection for the consumer in these days of trusts and combines is necessary. It is known that the Conservatives, if they had been returned to office at the last election, would have given greater powers to the present Committee for investigating food prices.

Again, a Factory Bill, long overdue, was ready for introduction in the last Parliament and the then Home Secretary, now Lord Brentford, was anxious to introduce it. His party was pledged to the measure. Despite Mr. Baldwin's huge majority and the broad fact that a Conservative Administration does not desire to legislate so widely as a Labour Government, it was squeezed out through lack of Parliamentary time. Mr. Clynes has a Factory Bill ready. It has little prospect of passing before 1932!

It is a fact that experienced members of the Conservative Party in this Parliament are shaking their heads over the possibilities of obstruction in the future. The situation we have reached now is that it is almost impossible to try to improve two or three major Bills without strangling them and preventing others being introduced.

Two further results flow from this blockage of Parliamentary business, both of vital importance. More and more power is given to the bureaucracy and the permanent Civil Service; and the House of Commons has almost lost its remaining powers over expenditure. This last, indeed, is probably the most serious aspect of the whole situation.

The traditional right of the Commons to ventilate public grievances before voting Supply has been almost entirely abrogated. By the Standing Orders, twenty days have to be given over to Supply in every Session. The Spending Departments whose affairs are to be discussed are chosen by the Opposition parties in turn, the Conservatives having three days to every one of the Liberals. But the Estimates are discussed on the floor of a House of 615 members. Nothing is easier, as Lord Randolph Churchill used to say, than to start a hare in Committee of Supply; and, in any case, the Estimates are about a year old and any examination of them is a post-mortem.

The Public Accounts Committee does valuable work; but it again is dealing with Estimates *after* they have been approved by the Cabinet and passed through the House of Commons either on Supply days or under the guillotine; and in some cases they do not come before the Committee until they are two years old. So glaring has the scandal become that a Select Committee is, at last, to be set up in the autumn, when we reassemble, of members of all three parties to examine into our procedure with a view to its simplification and rationalization.

There is general agreement among students of the subject as to what reforms are necessary. The most important is some measure of Devolution. The Scottish and Welsh members complain of the neglect of the affairs of the Northern Kingdom and the Principality. Yet when a Supply Day is given up to Scottish Estimates, 532 members from England, Wales and Northern Ireland are expected to kick their heels while 71 Scottish members discuss the affairs of Scotland. Any of the local authorities north of the Tweed who promote private Bills—and in these days the amount of private Bill legislation is enormous, arising largely out of public works for the relief of unemployment—have to go to all the trouble and expense of attending in London with their experts and witnesses. Most of the work could be done quite well in Scotland or Wales and this would do something to relieve Westminster of the present congestion.

As it is, in such matters as Education, Housing and Agriculture, we already have to introduce separate Bills for Scotland in addition to any measures brought in for England; and this is a further cause of congestion.

Next something must be done to improve the procedure of the Standing Committees to which Bills, except the most important, are remitted. There are four of these, in addition to the Scottish Grand Committee for Scottish Bills. The Committees themselves are far too large, fifty or sixty being an unwieldy number. The chairmen have not even the limited powers to

prevent the fruitless talk and time wasting possessed by the Speaker. They can accept the Closure, that is the demand for a vote to be taken; but they have no power to select amendments, known as the Kangaroo, and no fixed time-table or guillotine can be applied in the Committees.

The obvious reforms here are smaller committees, more of them and greater powers for their chairmen.

As for Estimates and Expenditure of public money, the time has surely come when we should copy the example of the French and American Parliaments, where special Estimates Committees are set up, which have the right to take evidence and cross-examine the all-powerful permanent officials. Above all, the present system under which every vote on Supply and Finance is taken as one of confidence in the Government must go. The present theory is that a Government defeated in a vote on Supply must resign. Until this theory is departed from, the House of Commons will never regain its control over the public purse.

When a Bill has painfully wormed its way through the intricacies of Grand Committee, sometimes taking months in the process, what is known as the Report stage is taken on the floor of the House and the whole business is gone through once more. Except for Government amendments promised upstairs, this Report stage should be done away with altogether. Those Members of Parliament who have had much experience of local government are loudest in their complaints about our antiquated procedure. None of the governments of the great municipalities and local bodies could possibly carry on their business as we do at Westminster; and they do not make the attempt.

However much certain minds may be wedded to ancient forms and procedures, the Parliamentary machine will have to be remodelled or it will break down completely.

It will be a bad day for England when the people lose faith in Parliament as an expression of democracy.

CLIMATE AND HISTORY

By JULIAN HUXLEY

OF late years a determined attempt has been made to rewrite history in economic terms.

But this, too, does not go deep enough. Man's thought and social life is built on his economic life; but this, in its turn, rests on biological foundations. Climate and geology between them decide where the raw materials of man's life are to be found, where manufactures can be established, and climate decides where the main springs of human energy shall be released. Changes of climate cause migrations, and migrations bring about not only wars but the fertilizing intermingling of ideas necessary for rapid advance in civilization.

Disease and hygiene play as important a part; half the population of the world is permanently below par on account of parasites, and disease may bring about the rise or fall of empires. Nor has selection ever ceased its rigorous activity. To pass from one mode of life to another is not a simple affair for a people; a settled agricultural life demands a very different temperament from hunting, and the hereditary make-up of the race must be altered if a people is to pass successfully from one to the other. And most migrations are selective; to take but one example, the Puritans who first colonized Massachusetts did not bring with them a random sample of the genes responsible for the qualities of the English people. And finally, the better care of the young and the elaboration of social life allow all sorts of variations that otherwise would be snuffed out to survive and often to play an important part in progress. Knowledge for knowledge's sake is out of place in a primitive hunting tribe.

When the world's climatic belts are sharply marked, the temperate zones, flanked polewards by the sub-arctic and the arctic, are separated from the tropics by two dry belts, along which all the world's great deserts are strung. The only zones where vegetation is abundant and man can easily flourish are the temperate and the tropical. But the temperate has another advantage: it contains the belt of cyclonic storms; in other words, of rapid and frequent changes of weather. And this type of climate, as Ellsworth Huntington has shown, is the one most stimulating to human energy and achievement. When the ice was still in the early stages of its last retreat, this storm-belt must have lain over North Africa, making what is now the Sahara green and fertile. It was through Africa and, perhaps, eventually from Southern Asia, that Europe received its modern men, well before 10000 B.C.

Gradually, as the ice withdrew northwards, the belts of climate followed it up. The Sahara began to come within the limits of the dry belt and the zone of greatest fertility and greatest human vigour fell along the Mediterranean, through Mesopotamia and across to Turkestan. This again set great movements afoot. The Magdalenians pushed northwards with the forests in the wake of the retreating game of the treeless plains till, eventually hemmed in between forest and sea, they were forced to lead a wretched existence as gatherers of shell-fish and berries on the Baltic coast; the remains of the Aurignacians who had remained behind in North Africa and Spain, evolving what is called the Capsian culture, trekked northwards, too, and eventually fetched up in Western Asia.

With the scarcity of game, men turned to other sources of food. They became food-gatherers as well as hunters, eating nuts and berries and wild grain. This must have seemed a misfortune to those early hunters. But it was the spur to progress, for from food-gathering to food-growing, to real agriculture, was a natural step. It seems to have been somewhere before 5000 B.C., in the Near East, that the art of agriculture was discovered. Legend has it that Isis, the great goddess, found corn on Mount Hermon in Syria, and gave it to her sacred son, Osiris. And the legend may well contain two kernels of truth. It is probable that women rather than men first hit on the idea of planting grain, for the men's work would still be field hunting; and it is probable that it was discovered somewhere in Syria or its near neighbourhood. By 5000 B.C. grain-growing had spread all through what Peake and Fleure call the Fertile Crescent, round from Palestine through Syria to Mesopotamia, and permanent settlements had come into being.

The arts of pottery and weaving were discovered about the same time as that of grain-growing, and permanent houses were built; domestic animals followed soon after; domestication seems first to have been learnt by hunters, but the art spread rapidly and was extended by the settled agriculturists, and metal-working was not long behind, though for centuries only copper and gold were employed, copper for use and gold solely for ornament.

The glacial period did not die steadily away; it left the earth in a series of spasms or oscillations, a time of rapid retreat being followed by a standstill, or even an advance of the ice, brought about, it would seem, by an elevation of the land. For a century or so about 4500 B.C. there was such an elevation. This seems to have had two interesting consequences. For one thing, the increased snowfall round the Mesopotamian basin gave rise to such violent spring floods that some towns were abandoned, and the memory of the time has been preserved in the story of Noah's flood and the corresponding Mesopotamian legends. But more important was its effect on Egypt. The Nile valley seems to have been marshy and largely

uninhabitable; the elevation must have drained it. And the long ribbon of marvellously fertile land thus provided for the use of man tempted the agriculturists of neighbouring countries. This it seems was the real beginning of the civilization of Egypt; but once started on its career, its geographical position was such that it soon outstripped its rivals.

Thus well before 4000 B.C. what we may call the Archaic civilization was fully established from Egypt round by Syria and the Tigris and Euphrates. It was predestined to be the cradle of the modern world—by its climate, by its great rivers, by the fact of its being the home of the world's wheat, by its being a meeting-place for different streams of culture brought by different migrations of men, east and west as well as north and south. Before 4000 B.C. there had been added to the achievements of settled man the art of writing, the framing of a calendar, irrigation, the wheel and the making of fermented liquor.

Through the whole of the next millennium this remarkable civilization was free to develop its own potentialities. It was a time of depression of land, a moist time over the steppes and the Archaic peninsula, and so a time when the nomad inhabitants of these regions could thrive and multiply in their own homes, not driven by drought to irrupt into the lands of their richer neighbours. To what height the Mesopotamian civilization reached is attested by the marvellous workmanship of the objects from Ur of the Chaldees, which date from about 3500 B.C. The organization of a state under a priestling, even the welding of empires a million strong, stone architecture, the arch, the wheel, written codes of law, sea-going ships—these were some of its achievements.

But the available land in this corner of the world was being filled up by the natural increase of population; and this filling-up coincided with a new elevation of the land and a new period of drought. Between them, the two caused such a movement in the world of man that the archaic culture was made to totter in its original home, but spread its influence far and wide over Europe, Africa and Asia.

(To be concluded.)

A MODERN OPERA: 'L'AMORE DEI TRE REI'

COVENT GARDEN ended its season with the most interesting events of the Italians' visit: performances of Montemezzi's 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,' first produced in 1913, and not heard in London since the year of the war. Montemezzi was wise to choose for his libretto a fine drama by one of Italy's foremost playwrights, Sem Benelli, and having chosen it, to keep the poetry as far as possible unaltered. As a result, his opera has a sense of being rooted in reality, like Verdi's 'Falstaff' and 'Otello,' instead of merely clothing artificial emotions in music.

The story is not, as some critics suppose, a vulgar tale of jealousy and infidelity; the characters have too much beauty and personality for that. Fiora, the mountain princess of conquered Altura (Italy), has an unearthly touch like Melisande; she is so young and undeveloped, almost boyish with her short hair (Miss Ponselle's unluckily was long) and her slender figure, that the old blind king, her husband's father, for all his sinister suspicions, can scarcely at first believe her a grown woman capable of love. Yet she has given her heart passionately to her own mountain prince Avito, her betrothed in the old free days before the coming of the conqueror. Manfredo, her husband, who won her as the price of her country's peace, is no stage villain, but a noble warrior, with a flash of the Divine Fool within him, as if he had caught a glimpse of the

Holy Grail. He cannot hate, he can only forgive, forgive his wife her faithlessness, because "her child was capable of such great love," forgive his father for her death, even against his will forgive her lover, with the cry, "My God, why can I not hate?" Through it all creeps the sinister figure of Manfredo's father, blind, suspicious, dogging Fiora with ears strained to catch her lover's footsteps, strangling her at last when in the face of death she proclaims her love, and shields her lover, and then poisoning her dead lips to trap that lover in his farewell kiss.

Montemezzi has obviously felt the strength and beauty of the drama, and very nearly reproduced it in his music. True to Italian tradition the voices are treated sympathetically, and though there are no set arias, there is constant melody, giving a quality of beauty free from "sugariness," too often an Italian fault. The harmony is so virile, clean, and often strange, that the opera grips and interests us not only by the vocal line. Yet one looks for a little more distinction between the music of the mountain prince and princess and that of their conquerors. There is, indeed, the beauty of the deep string and high wood wind passages which express the love of Fiora and Avito, but in Act 2 the lover, "white as a lily," is often musically as robust as his warrior rival. Should not Fiora and Avito seem to be bound together by the atmosphere of their music, as Etain and Midir are bound in the 'Immortal Hour,' leaving Manfredo, like Eochaidh, however noble, as an interloper of another race? Archibaldo, too, the blind king, is not musically the eerie figure we look for from the drama. The composer has relied more than once for his grimmest effects not on a sinister quality in the music, but on the histrionic trick of an intoned sibilant whisper over an almost silent orchestra, a device to be used only on the very rarest occasions.

The climaxes are a little disappointing, perhaps because the orchestra has not sufficiently interesting material as it climbs to the highest point. But the marriage of the native and the foreign in the drama is symbolical of the character of the music. The Italian genius of Montemezzi is at times plainly captive to the northern conqueror Wagner. While at one moment we exclaim, "How national, how Italian!" at another Manfredo's climax in Act 1 irresistibly recalls the broken motif on the trumpet at the snapping of the Norns' thread. It would be an injustice, however, to imply any lack of originality on the part of the composer; on the contrary the 'Love of Three Kings' is both interesting and distinguished, and we are left hoping to hear it again in future Italian (or English?) seasons.

O. D.

THE LEEDS TEST MATCH

BY LEIGH D. BROWNLEE

FOR most of us who played the game but now perforce must watch it, there is at least one cricket match that lives, ever fresh, in our memory. For some, maybe, the Third Test now in progress at Leeds will be an abiding recollection; with the Fifth Henry we shall say:

This story shall the good man teach his son—
And gentlemen in England—
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here.

For me, the four-year-old counterpart of to-day's battle is just such a story; I still feel the bright, hot sunshine on Headingley Ground; I still see a short, compactly built figure striding briskly to the wicket; and I still hear the groan of dismay two minutes later when a catch went begging.

In the forenoon of July 10, 1926, Charles G. Macartney came out to bat when one ball had been bowled, the bowling of which had sent back a great Australian cricketer to the pavilion. A big day for England. And four balls later the "Governor-General" gave us the chance to make it a bigger; the chance was not accepted, and there and then ended England's day.

Straightway that Australian genius set about the business of making cricket history. I see it now as vividly as I saw it four years ago to the day. Around him eleven English players, tails up and keen enough to bite him; in wider circle a vast Yorkshire crowd literally aching to roar its delight when another wicket fell.

It did not fall. At one end that sturdy tree Woodfull took root, flung out other roots, and seemed to grow; at the other the short, compactly built person set about the bowling with the ease and nonchalance of a first-class cricketer on a village green.

Macartney's was an inspiration rather than an innings; with steel wrists and incomparable footwork he punched the ball all over the field, a shot for every ball and a gap for every shot. It was an object lesson in the art of placing; an amazing demonstration of going for the bowling when apparently at its best and deadliest; and the finest exploitation of the cover shot that I have ever seen. By lunch time he had accomplished a feat only once previously performed—that of scoring a century before the interval in a Test Match.

Well, we got him out eventually, but not until the third century was in sight and his own score a superlative 151. And the stalwart tree was still there, spreading its roots deeper and wider every moment. I take leave to say that Macartney on that July day did far more than score a glittering century and a half; he took the bowling, broke the bowling, and made it possible for the less brilliant Woodfull to follow carefully in his steps.

Of England's performance in that match I have fewer happy recollections. Fine work was accomplished by men who are fighting our battles again to-day, but, from first to last, we were the under-dogs—for ever struggling against defeat. And Fate played a scurvy trick by allowing us to win the toss and put in Australia on a wicket which never fulfilled its promise of becoming difficult.

England to-day has no Charles G. Macartney to break her bowlers' hearts. The stalwart tree is still with us, more stalwart and deeply rooted than ever. New and formidable figures have arisen on the horizon; almost unknown in 1926, little more than names a few months ago, to-day they are reaching out strongly for those precious Ashes. For England's sake I am glad to think that the "Governor-General" will be a spectator, not a participant, in this game at Headingley Ground. Probably he will see much worth watching—the stout tree again defying the storm, the boy prodigy adding yet another record to his bag; but he will see nothing better than the entertainment we watched and he himself provided four years ago to-day.

"EXPLORATIOUS MEANDERINGS"

BY KENNETH KINNINMONT

THE phrase is Mr. Polly's. As an incurable exploratious meanderer, proof against the disappointment of the exploration that ends in a mere bag's end, I have always been grateful to him, and Mr. Wells, for the phrase. Mr. Polly's meanderings were on two wheels. It was on a bicycle that he meandered into matrimony. Mine are more often on four wheels.

But meandering is as much a matter of the spirit as of the means of locomotion. You can meander

as truly, as aimlessly, in a high-powered car (so long as you are your own chauffeur) as on your two feet. Meandering in a motor boat has its own pleasures and excitements—to judge from the latest book of one of the company of true travellers, Mr. C. S. Forester. You have only to read a few pages of this cruise of the *Annie Marble** to perceive that her captain and crew are heart and soul with those of us who hold that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. Arrival, if that were the only thing, could be made certain, or as nearly certain as anything can be in this world, by the mere taking of a ticket and a seat in an express train. Trains and trams are the two means of locomotion to which meandering is almost impossible.

But the train, if it liked, if its driver became lost in thought, could do a little meandering on branch lines—which gives it a theoretical advantage over the beastly tram. It might, if it knew its way over the country's cat's cradle of railway lines, set out, in apparently seemly and obedient fashion, for, say, Gerrard's Cross, and, chuckling in its funnel, land its cargo of season-ticket holders at Ashby-de-la Zouch. Driving a railway train might be to some of us incorrigible explorers a terrible temptation. The A.B.C. timetable is full of beautiful names; though it is true that too many places, as the motorist, particularly, knows, do not live up to their names. A place that sounds as if Chaucer might have known of it proves no more exciting, no more picturesque, than East Ham. But, at least, the mere finding of it satisfies some of the instincts of the explorer.

Mr. Forester, I'll swear, knows something of that feeling, after a motor-boating cruise in which he covered a thousand miles by water and at least double the distance, he declares, on foot. That is the penalty of the exploratory temperament. Map out roads or rivers or canals as you will, go in an *Annie Marble* or a six-cylinder Road Eater (1930 model) and you will double your itinerary. By-roads and backwaters will never beckon in vain. And the exploratory meanderings, if they bring us often to the bag's end, to the road marked "impassable" (and that very word is a challenge and a temptation to the truly adventurous) bring also their rewards. They brought Mr. Forester and his crew of one, after long voyaging in canals which were as prohibitive of meandering as any tram line, into lovely and lonely lakes which gave them sensations like those of stout Cortez or the Ancient Mariner. They brought me, the other day (and not a hundred miles from London), to a high plateau which gave one the sensation of looking down on the kingdoms of the world.

No other explorers came my way. I stayed there long, solitary, watching the people below hurrying in their cars along the white lines that were roads. They were all going somewhere, if only to lunch or to tea. There were no meanderers, none with any taste for exploration—or, at least, they were too busy going somewhere to indulge it.

Not for them any exploratory meanderings that may mean a punctured tyre or torn stockings. Perhaps they get more excitement out of the perils of the main road than they could find in any such exploratory meanderings as brought Mr. Polly on his wheel to the adventure of matrimony, or as led me along a catch-as-catch-can sort of road to an antique and untroubled village and an inn with a sign that simply demanded investigation. Why should any inn be called "The Whalebone?" I don't know. I didn't ask. I would rather remember "The Whalebone" as one of the little mysteries encountered on many exploratory meanderings. If I could be sure you are the right sort of explorer I would tell you where it is.

* 'The *Annie Marble* in Germany.' By C. S. Forester. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

THE FILMS A GOOD PROGRAMME

By MARK FORREST

Across Bolivia; The Magic Clock. The Polytechnic.

IT is an excellent thing now and again to have a change from the fare ordinarily provided by the majority of cinemas, and for those who are tired of unfaithfulness in all its forms and are weary of the American accent in its varying degrees, there is a very interesting programme being shown at the Polytechnic.

Two years ago, under the inspiration of the Consul-General for Bolivia in London, the Consul-General himself, Mr. Bee-Mason and another gentleman set out to follow the route taken by the earliest Spanish adventurers in their conquest of Bolivia. This route virtually begins at the Paraguayan capital, Asuncion, whence it leads through dense forests to San Corazon; from there the train goes forward to San Jose, crossing the Rio Grande in order to reach Santa Cruz. After Santa Cruz come Yacuiba, Taria, Atoche, Potosi, Sucre the capital city, Cochabamba and lastly La Paz.

A glance at the map of Bolivia will show that this route covers a great part of a large country, and the pictures taken by Mr. Bee-Mason reveal the difficulties which the expedition had to overcome in traversing large tracts where no white man had been for centuries. The crossing of the Rio Grande and later on that of the River of Death are extremely well photographed, and the whole film demonstrates, more, perhaps, than mere reading can do, the possibilities of this republic, and the curious differences which exist among the people who inhabit it. Upon the western side the Spanish influence reigns paramount; but in the centre, although remnants of Jesuit occupation are to be found, the native Indian, while assimilating certain customs which appertain to civilization and incorporating in his worship some Catholicism, remains undisturbed.

The film, which is a silent one, is very lucidly explained by Mr. Bee-Mason, and some knowledge of this too little known republic can be obtained by anyone who takes the trouble to listen to him.

'Across Bolivia' was preceded, when I saw it, by another film of quite extraordinary interest, the title of which is 'The Magic Clock.' There are only two human beings in this picture, the clockmaker and his daughter; the rest of the cast are marionettes. The way in which the fairy princess, her father the king, the twelve knights, the black horseman, the dragon and the jester—to mention the most important characters in the fairy story—are controlled and filmed is a fine achievement, and no picture has interested me quite in the same way since 'Warning Shadows' sounded a different note a few years ago. Here is a film which is quite unique, and I hope it will get the large audience which the brains and the patience that have been expended upon the making of it deserve.

The actual story does not matter a great deal. It concerns the troubles of a fat king whose kingdom is being laid waste by a dragon which is done to death by the knight on the white horse. The king's troubles are not over even then, for the black horseman appears and one by one, owing to his prowess, the twelve knights seek their places in the crypt until the knight on the white horse succeeds in dislodging his helmet, when he stands revealed as Death. The whole is told with humour and the marionettes themselves are far more interesting than the favourites of the talking screen. It is true they are not pretty or handsome enough for love, but sometime one must have a rest from most things and what to make it a success needs a greater respite from it than love.

THE THEATRE

GUITRY AND MOLNAR

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Désiré. By Sacha Guitry. Adapted by J. Leslie Frith. New Theatre.

The Swan. By Ferenc Molnar. St. James's Theatre.

LET me begin by contradicting an allegation which has been insinuated with regard to Mr. Frith's adaptation of '*Désiré*.' This English version at the New is not, as several critics have complained—yes, actually complained!—a bowdlerized and purified edition of a "naughty French play." It is simply Sacha Guitry's comedy translated, always skilfully and sometimes very cleverly indeed, into the colloquial dialogue of contemporary English drama. Unfortunately, that isn't the right way to translate these French comedies. For unless they are to seem ridiculously unconvincing, a certain amount of the original foreign atmosphere must be retained. Mr. Frith has realized this, but only to the extent of retaining the original French names. He has realized the impossibility of completely Anglicizing a play in which, for instance, one of the principal characters is a Cabinet Minister living openly with his mistress at a fashionable seaside resort. What he has not realized is that by using an up-to-date colloquial dialogue he deprives the characters of more than half their Frenchness. I venture to suggest that the proper language for translations from the French is the comparatively literary and artificial dialogue to be found in the plays of Pinero and the earlier Somerset Maugham.

Considered as a play, this entertainment called '*Désiré*' is a piece of sheer and occasionally brilliant impertinence. But, of course, it is not really a "play," as we in England understand that word, at all. It was obviously written as a sort of recital-piece, an exercise in virtuosity, a trifle concocted simply to enable Monsieur Guitry and his wife to display their skill as light comedians. And that is one of the reasons why it is comparatively ineffective at the New. It is intended to be played by certain instruments; and just as a Chopin prelude cannot be satisfactorily rendered on the saxophone, nor a Wagner overture on the piano, so, too, this Guitry comedy cannot be satisfactorily performed by English actors. I am not suggesting for a moment that Monsieur Guitry is a "better" actor than Mr. Owen Nares, nor that Mlle. Yvonne Printemps is a "better" actress than Miss Jeanne de Casalis. I am perfectly certain that Monsieur Guitry would be even less successful in an "Owen Nares" part than Mr. Nares is in this "Sacha Guitry part." The point is simply that this *jeu d'esprit* was written to be played by Monsieur Guitry and his wife, and not by anybody else.

Certainly not by Mr. Nares, who seems determined to miscast himself. It is no discredit to that very charming actor that both physically and temperamentally he is as little suited to play amorous French menservants as he was to play the vulgar American novelist in his last play. It is no discredit to be so manifestly an English gentleman that nothing can disguise the fact. As *Désiré*, Mr. Nares suggests that character so popular with dramatists—the nobleman masquerading as a servant. Unfortunately, that doesn't happen to be the character he is impersonating. *Désiré* is a perfectly genuine manservant; and his disastrous habit of having "affairs" with every woman who employs him (disastrous, because they invariably dismiss him afterwards) loses half its piquancy and nearly all its point, if the servant is so manifestly a gentle-

man that we anticipate a last-act revelation of his real identity.

Still, I doubt if any English actor (with the possible exception of Mr. Seymour Hicks) could make this Guitry comedy a really popular success with English playgoers—though to those who possess what I may call a Continental mind, I can commend it as at least worth seeing. It has several brilliant passages and several entertaining situations. For instance, *Désiré* trying to assure Odette that she, at any rate, need have no fears, since she "isn't his type"; the servants in the kitchen cynically discussing their employers; and the brazen impudence of Adrien Corniche, who, while actually sitting beside his deaf wife after dinner, invites his hostess to become his mistress. Mr. Clarke-Smith managed this last scene with such tact that the humour of the situation dominated its offensiveness. Miss Nadine March gave some clever touches to her portrait of the *femme de chambre*; Mr. Evelyn Roberts was amusing, though hardly convincing, in his rôle of the French Cabinet Minister; and Miss Jeanne de Casalis was as admirable a compromise between an English woman and a French woman, as her rôle of Odette is between a highly moral woman and that untranslatable thing (which Mr. Frith very wisely makes no effort to translate), a *grue*.

'*The Swan*' in its original Hungarian must have been a very much more entertaining play than it shows itself in the American version used at the St. James's Theatre. At least I imagine so. For the only explanation I can think of for this version's popularity in New York is that its author bears an obviously Continental name; or to put it bluntly, that it bluffed the intellectual snobs. But Molnar is reputed to be held in very high esteem even in his native Hungary, where the fact that he is that brilliant-sounding thing, a Hungarian playwright, can hardly be as hypnotizing as it is in England and America. I can only conclude, therefore, that between the Continent of Europe and the Continent of America, '*The Swan*' has suffered an ocean-change. The exact nature of that change can only be guessed at; I suspect, however, that a witty satire has become a royal romance. Indeed, even at the St. James's Theatre, in the course of a heavily sentimental evening, I thought I heard—or rather, overheard, for the actors were very careful never to raise their voices above what is seemly in Court circles—I say, I thought I heard (and subsequent reference to an abbreviated text confirms it) an occasional veiled sneer at royalty. But the language in which these critical remarks were clothed was so extremely metaphorical that their significance appeared to have eluded the appreciation of Mr. Gilbert Miller, who produced the play. Thus, when the intoxicated tutor babbled about the comparative brightness of various stars, all that crossed the footlights was the boring erudition of an egotistical astronomer; what we ought to have heard was Molnar's views on monarchy.

Not that Molnar's views on monarchy (judging by this version) are either very original or very profound. But a certain amount of entertainment might have been derived from hearing a young tutor hurling insults at a royal prince and at the same time carefully concealing their significance from all his other hearers by phrasing them in the language of astronomy. As the "swan" of the play, Miss Edna Best was either miscast or misproduced. And neither Mr. Herbert Marshall nor Mr. Colin Clive appeared to have any idea of the inner significance of their astronomical debate. Mr. C. V. France was no doubt right in emphasizing the sentimentality of Father Hyacinth; and Miss Henrietta Watson and Miss Irene Vanbrugh provided some invaluable comedy.



SIR WILLIAM H. BEVERIDGE, K.C.B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

A PRESS DICTATORSHIP

SIR,—I read 'Is a Press Dictatorship Possible?' by "Ocellus" with great interest and wish to thank him for presenting several new viewpoints upon an important subject, but I am afraid the power of the Press cannot be treated so lightly. The daily newspaper, with its news service, insurance, competitions, amusements, and information has become a necessity, as the vast net sale figures prove, and while a newspaper proprietor has a daily audience of two million or so he has considerable influence in the land.

Few people trouble to think for themselves. They unconsciously adopt the views of their favourite paper and fondly imagine them to be their own.

The power of the printed word is well illustrated when business men pay thousands of pounds for space in the Press and use it for a simple message such as "Eat More Fish" and a huge increase in business follows immediately. This being the case, it is not difficult to imagine how much greater the influence of subtle and insidious editorial propaganda must be.

"Ocellus" attributes Lord Beaverbrook's success in his present campaign to the fact that he has ceased to be a journalistic voice and become a political personality; but would his success have been as great and as speedy if he were an ordinary business man in any sphere other than a journalist and newspaper proprietor?

A newspaper may not be able to influence its readers indefinitely, but it can influence them long enough to decide the result of a general election.

In my opinion the Press has an immense influence for good or ill in the affairs of men, and I think two of its worst features to-day are, firstly, the censorship a paper exercises over its news in order to suppress that which it is not to its interest to publish, and, secondly, the powerful influence the advertising department has over the editorial.

I am, etc.,

FREDK. WILLIS

27 Waverley Grove, N.W.4

SIR,—The opponents of Lord Rothermere are making a great deal of fuss about the "unconstitutional" aspects of his suggestion that the accepted leader of a party likely to take office should make public the names of the proposed holders of at least the chief ministerial appointments. Many publicists of note are declaring that these appointments are solely within the prerogative of the Crown, and are attempting to adduce evidence from pre-war days in support of their views.

The list of proposed ministerial appointments is at present undoubtedly made up and submitted to the Crown by the party-leader about to take office as First Lord of the Treasury and Premier, and the Crown can refuse to accept any one or all of these proposed appointments. But everybody seems to be overlooking the likewise undoubted fact that until some eight or nine short years ago (when the excellent rule was abolished under Mr. Lloyd George, I believe) the appointed Ministers had to submit themselves again for re-election in their then or some other constituency—so in the last resort the final decision was with "the people" and not with "the Crown." Is there not the famous case of Mr. Masterman, in a pre-war Liberal Administration, who was rejected several times in different constituencies—

and then had to give it up? The memories of even prominent publicists are very short.

Personally I find nothing "subversive" or "impossible" in Lord Rothermere's suggestion. Indeed, I preceded him by a twelve-month, for in a letter published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of June 22, 1929, I expressed approval of Mr. Maxton's similar proposal (on Lord Rothermere's lines) which had been discussed and carried at the Easter Conference of the Independent Labour Party.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

SIR,—We may be flattering ourselves—we, who "never will be slaves"—that we live in a free country and that, in these privileged days especially, we are in full enjoyment of our liberty. We have, I admit, no recognized dictators, yet I fear that tyranny, domination and compulsion are getting an increasing grip on us! The immense Press combines would like to coerce us politically, the B.B.C. is standardizing our views and even our pronunciation. With growing effrontery our pushful advertisers are dictating what we shall buy and use and take and do! Even our lady friends, who would assert that they "hate to be bossed," are being forced by fashion experts and the material manufacturers to buy larger quantities of fabrics than they want, and to adopt dress schemes and styles that are not becoming or suited for to-day's uses.

I am, etc.,

9 Drapers' Gardens, E.C.2

C. E. BOOTH

EMPIRE TRADE

SIR,—A departure which brings all this talk about Empire Trade down to brass tacks will be made at the new headquarters of the Union of South Africa in the Strand. In addition to the display of overseas products, which is now a customary feature at these London outposts of the Dominions, South Africa is devoting considerable space to showing goods made in this country for which a new market might be expected in South Africa.

Two questions arise: Will British manufacturers have the sense to make adequate use of their new opportunity; and will Australia, Canada and New Zealand follow South Africa's lead? During these summer months when, for example, we are eating millions of South African oranges and apples from Australia in preference to those sold in competition with them from outside the Empire, it seems just good business that a chance of reciprocity should be offered in this enterprising fashion and accepted by those whose duty it is to keep Britain at work.

I am, etc.,

HARRY FOSTER, J.P., D.L.

82 Victoria Street, S.W.1

FOOD TAXES

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin strains at the gnat of food taxes and swallows the camel of a Budget of £800,000,000.

It matters, no doubt, but it matters little what means are used in raising the taxes. The vital question is their amount. Let us have a Budget of £400,000,000 raised by food taxation against a Budget of £800,000,000 raised by income tax, as illustrated below:

Income (assumed)	£2,400,000,000	Food Tax Budget	£400,000,000
		Left in the pockets of the people	£2,000,000,000
	£2,400,000,000		£2,400,000,000
Income (assumed)	£2,400,000,000	Income Tax Budget	£800,000,000
		Left in the pockets of the people only	£1,600,000,000
	£2,400,000,000		£2,400,000,000

Food is, in fact, no dearer (it is the same price) under Budgets of equal amounts, for in one case you add to the cost the income tax and in the other case you add the import duty—the same amount in both cases.

Let taxes on imports be *ad valorem*, let importers make returns the same as for income tax and let the duties be collected as the income tax is collected and there will be no disturbance to the free flow of trade. Our fraudulent book-keepers treating death duties (capital) as income have, by this means, not only extinguished the Sinking Fund, but are actually increasing the National Debt by £30,000,000 per annum.

I am, etc.,

A. HENTHORN STOTT

5 Cross Street, Manchester

'IS ART DYING?'

SIR,—Both Mr. Adrian Bury and M. Emile Cammaerts view things in their true perspective, and appraise justly the pretentious abnormality which has been foisted on a credulous public by dealers and critics. It is impossible not to suspect that some of these critics, I do not say all, are out to gain cheap applause by posing as supermen, able to discern virtue, if not beauty, in places of art, expressions so occult, so subtle that the eye of the ordinary amateur cannot perceive it. But so far from these puerilities being increasingly successful I believe they are already past the zenith of their success. Paris was the principal mart for this modern art; there it had its chief success; but I am credibly informed that a severe slump in this precious stuff has set in.

No, Sir, art is not dying. The eighteenth century gave us great and glorious masters in most branches of art; in England in portraiture and landscape especially. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner; Richard Wilson, Crome, Turner, Morland. To-day, in portraiture, we have Lavery, Orpen, Greiffenhagen, Augustus John; in landscape, George Clausen, Oliver Hall, Lamorna Birdo, Hughes Stanton, Philip Padwick, Terrick Williams, D. Y. Cameron, Bertram Nicholls, Henry Rushbury, P. Wilson Steer; in the painting of interiors, Campbell Taylor and Fred Elwell. Then there are Munnings, Russell Flint, Richter Davis, Laura Knight, Frank Short and, above all, Frank Brangwyn. These are names to conjure with, and I have mentioned them almost at random. In architecture it is not that we have not admirable architects, but that they so rarely get employed.

I submit, Sir, that when these contemporary artists have been dead for half a century or less, their work will be scrambled after in the salerooms as frantically as that of certain earlier masters is scrambled after to-day.

Nor are the other arts in a moribund state. Creative literature is not to be judged by mere lending library fodder. The cinema, so far from killing the drama, would appear to have administered a wholesome stimulant. In music is there any reason to dispute the dictum of Sir Henry Wood, who recently declared that the greatest living composers of to-day are undoubtedly British? In poetry, a decade that produced the 'Testament of Beauty' can well uphold a claim to vigorous vitality.

I am, etc.,

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE

Chichele, Parkstone,
Dorset

SIR,—Mr. Adrian Bury sets me an impossible task when he asks me to say "briefly and intelligibly why the picture and the piece of sculpture (by Matisse and Picasso respectively) which he singled out for special

comment are fine pieces of art"—and to say it, at that, to one who approaches the work of Matisse and Picasso in a spirit at once glib and iconoclastic. I might with equal reason (in fact, much more reasonably) ask him to explain briefly and intelligibly why any given work by Rubens, Dürer or Velasquez is a "fine piece of art." If he can do that I should suggest that he applies the same judgment and reasoning to the loathed moderns, and if that works no wonders, that he should suppose for the sake of argument that the work of Picasso is (a) logical and (b) beautiful—dealing well, as it does, with aspects of visual truth which have been neglected and, though unfamiliar, are none the less important. Granted that these aspects have any relation to the truth, it is an easy step (perhaps) to relate them to beauty as well, with or without the help of Keats; and beauty seems to find favour in Mr. Bury's philosophy.

I am, etc.,

WRATHFUL

IS SUICIDE A CRIME?

SIR,—Dr. Richard J. A. Berry says he feels "confident that many will agree with me that it would be kinder to the human race to put some of its more chronic derelicts out of their and our misery in a National Lethal Chamber." If this became a lawful custom, the logical outcome would be to legalize suicide. Yet when people, suffering mental or physical torture, try to end their miserable lives themselves (in certain cases as a refuge from doing something worse, which might involve capital punishment), if unsuccessful and pronounced sane, they are flung into prison. The ancients knew better, for in the Greek tragedies, men struggling against nature become maddened by ill-treatment and solitude.

When I read in the death columns of newspapers such as the following: "A. B. after years of great suffering, patiently borne, passed away," my thoughts turn to Sir Thomas More, and I think that he may have been more understanding and merciful than some of us in these scientific days. In his 'Utopia' he says: "But if the disease be not only incurable, but also full of continual pain and anguish, then the priests and magistrates (doctors in these days) exhort the man, seeing he is unable to do any duty of life and is irksome to others and grievous to himself, that he will determine with himself no longer to cherish that pestilent and painful disease—they that be thus persuaded finish their lives willingly, either with hunger, or else die in their sleep without any feeling of death. But they cause none such to die against his will, nor do they use less diligence and attendance about him."

Many believe that if sufferers could be assured of lawful deliverance, numbers might be enabled to "Keep right on to the end of the road—keep right on round the bend," if only for the sake of relatives and friends, and as an example to the world.

Dr. Berry says that "the brain cells have a much shorter life than the cells of the body generally." Old age itself is a disease, and nobody is responsible for his or her descent.

I am, etc.,

MARY G. ADDY

38 Orsett Terrace, W.2

'DOWN WITH DOG SHOWS!'

SIR,—I should be exceedingly interested to know the names of the judges who, so Sir Duncan Grey affirms, deprecate dog shows, and lay the blame for spoiling a particular breed's original shape, by reduction of size and change of characteristics owing to in-breeding, on to "silly womenfolk." The charge is almost laughable.

Taken from the catalogue of Cruft's Show held last February, the following were the numbers of men and women exhibitors in four of the largest breeds.

Mastiffs: Men, 8; Women, 11. St. Bernards: Men, 6; Women, 14. Irish Wolfhounds: Men, 11; Women, 15. Great Danes: Men, 19; Women, 20.

Does Sir Duncan Grey seriously suggest that any of these breeds are being reduced in size, and can possibly be described as "dear, little dinkie darlings"? If he does, I can only conclude that his visits to dog shows are confined to that of the West Country Society of which he is the President.

About fifty per cent. of breeders and exhibitors of Gundogs are women, and, as most people are aware, no Gundog can hold the title of champion unless he also holds a working certificate, thus ensuring the perpetuation of the sporting instincts and suitable physical characteristics of these breeds.

I am not myself a breeder or exhibitor, but I have been interested in dogs and dog shows for the last twelve or thirteen years, and the only breed I can think of which, during this period, has been at all reduced in size is the Fox-terrier, and of this variety men form about seventy-five per cent. of the breeders.

I am, etc.,

DOROTHY R. HEWITT

Maida Vale

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—228

SET BY HAROLD STANNARD

A. *The social life of Elysium must be singularly attractive. After all, everybody who was anybody here must be somebody there, death being the sole passport of entry. On the other hand a certain discretion is required in issuing invitations. It would be malicious, for example, to invite Cleopatra and Helen of Troy to meet one another, and there is no malice in Elysium. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best suggestion for an Elysian dinner party. Competitors should first select their host, or hostess, giving reasons for their choice, and then proceed similarly with the guests, who are to be seven in number, and are to be placed round a circular table, the first of them being on the host's or hostess's right. Fictitious characters are not admissible, and competitors should endeavour to keep their suggestions within a limit of 300 words.*

B. *The Hog's Back is a long, high ridge of land between Guildford and Farnham. Those who motor along it are offered a wonderful view—on the right a great plain stretching to the horizon, on the left the foothills of what house agents call the English Switzerland. But with the approach to Farnham, the view is outraged by the stark horror of a huge red protuberance. It is the Aldershot gasometer. I have myself often thought of inditing an ode to the damned thing, but have never got beyond the first two lines, which I quote as a deterrent:*

Mighty Victorian, so satisfactory
Whether illuminant or calefactory.

Still the theme deserves its poet, and a prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best Sonnet to the Aldershot Gasometer as Seen from the Hog's Back.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 228A or LITERARY 228B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on Monday, July 21. The results will be announced in the issue of July 26.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 226

SET BY G. GORDON YOUNG

A. *Sir James Barrie recently received the Freedom of Kirriemuir. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letter of congratulation (not exceeding 250 words) written to Sir James by a character in one of his books or plays.*

B. *As a memento of the International Horse Show at Olympia we offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a triolet addressed (more in sorrow than in anger) by a jumping competitor to his mount, which has consistently battered down every obstacle in the arena.*

REPORT FROM MR. GORDON YOUNG

226A. The SATURDAY REVIEW does not, apparently, share many readers with Sir James, for nearly all the entries this week were for Section B. No competitor sent a letter from Peter Pan, but several wrote on behalf of Wendy, The Admirable Crichton, the Rev. Adam Cameron ('Mary Rose') and Gavin ('The Little Minister'). N. B. made Sir Harry Sims ('The Twelve Pound Look') characteristically send congratulations on Sir James's Freedom which were merely a pretext for lamenting that of his wife.

First prize goes to Walter Harrison and second to Athos, though I liked Gertrude Pitt's industrious and apparently authentic dialect letter.

FIRST PRIZE

Dear Tommie,

It must be sweet to be the great man that you are, and to have your own folk acknowledge it, and in Thrums. But I am still frightened for you sometimes, when I think of it, though I keep my arms still, to please you. I heard you speaking the other day, at a picture palace. You had been opening your cricket ground. It was not your real voice, but a big manly roaring sound that came out of the machine you were speaking into. And, Tommie, you should not flourish a cricket bat; though you did it as well as the man who came after you. I was with you then, wanting to show you the proper way, and smiling at you, though you could not see my crooked smile. And I am with you now, hidden away behind the grand folk, as I have so often been. Do you remember that Lady Pippinworth, No! Don't remember her! Just lay your head in my lap, and forget it all, while I stroke your hair, and tell you I am prouder of you than even you are of your own self. To me you are always the laddie who was kind to the Painted Lady's Girl, a feckless, canny, conceited, helpless cuddlesome laddie, that always had his way with me, because it was my way too.

His Grizel

WALTER HARRISON

SECOND PRIZE

The Manse, Luskentyre, N.B.

My dear James,

News has just reached us that you have been given the Freedom of Kirriemuir. I desire to express the most hearty congratulations upon this new distinction. These are belated by reason of the weather; it is known to you that during the equinoctials our mail service is irregular. I was moved to congratulate you by telegram, but this might have been thought ostentatious; the expense, also, had to be considered. Offerings on the last three Sundays have not exceeded 4s. and 10d.

I suppose that Kirriemuir is an important, populous town, probably larger than Quiraing. I have small knowledge of towns, but doubtless the Freemanship of such is an honourable and pleasant gift.

It is long since you were here. The fishing promises well, and the guest-chamber is ready. If a Burgess of Kirriemuir can sup on brose with honey, forby trouts, he will be warmly welcome. Come quickly, for a person of Texas has found signs of petroleum on the Islet you know of, and some Glasgow bodies threaten to erect what they call a rig.

The answer to a question in your last is, No.

Εἰη μοι κύρσαι

συνδράδος φιλίας ἀλόχου; τοῦτο γὰρ
ἐν βιότητι σπάνιον μέρος.

I have not forgot my Alcestis. Indeed, I have done most of it into Gaelic. An English metrical version is beyond me, though I often preach in English when we have summer visitors.

Your affectionate Friend

Adam Cameron

Post Scriptum. I have taught Janet M'Clour, that cooks for me, to do them the proper way.

A. C.
ATHOS

226B. The many competitors in this section seemed, not unexpectedly, to find difficulty in combining the neat triolet form with the required conversational manner. A few entries were not triolets at all. Athos sent eight attempts, his muse having flowed freely but not quite carefully enough to win him another prize. There was verbal ingenuity in the entries sent by James Hall, Pibwob, L. V. Upward and Pasteque.

Three poems were in the right spirit, and on the whole E. S. Goodwill is recommended for first prize and Bébé for second, with Marion Peacock as runner-up.

FIRST PRIZE

There goes the last of them, you see;

Applause ironic stirs the ranks.

To crown my cup of misery

There goes the last of them, you see;

And we are classed as "Cavalry"—

Good Lord! they'll take us for the Tanks.

There goes the last of them, you see;

Applause ironic stirs the ranks.

E. S. GOODWILL

SECOND PRIZE

My aim was high, though yours was low,
Belovéd steed, of wond'rous beauty.

Ay! at the Olympian Horse Show

My aim was high, though yours was low;

And yet, my Beautiful, I know

You did your best to fulfil duty.

My aim was high, though yours was low,

Belovéd steed, of wond'rous beauty.

BÉBÉ

IN GENERAL

I WAS grieved the other day when I heard, a little belatedly, of the sudden death of William Bolitho in New York. His name was not so well known in this country as it deserved to be. But when English journalism, a few years ago, let this young South African go finally to America, it lost an undoubted master in the craft of keen observation and vividly dramatic description; and in this field of intelligent descriptive reporting, a very useful one, English newspapers to-day can show very few who can equal, none who can excel, Bolitho.

America recognized his gift, and in one of the great New York dailies he had a favourable field. Not that his talent demanded that freedom of "space" which virtually no English newspaper nowadays will grant; on the contrary, his style, whether descriptive or discursive, was taut and often almost too highly concentrated, and, in his earlier days at any rate, Bolitho wrote with difficulty, taking long hours of night and early morning to fill one column to his exacting satisfaction. But he did demand freedom for muscular and often merciless phrasing (he lived largely in France, where that is current coin in journalism), and the polite, slightly muffled tone of Fleet Street conventions might soon have cramped his style. It would have been a refreshing tonic for the languishing craft of descriptive reporting if Bolitho had been born early enough for Northcliffe to have taken him up and given him a free hand.

Fortunately, his gifts have not been entirely lost in the silting sands of newspaper files. The essence of his achievement as a roving correspondent was well preserved in a little volume of collected articles, entitled 'Leviathan,' which he published in 1923. He had by then seen a good deal of the confused, phantasmagoric Europe of the years immediately following Versailles; its political chiaroscuro suited his style; the character of its leaders quickened his Carlylean impatience; the setting of post-war Paris (where he then lived), of the Ruhr, of the long series of "final" inter-Allied Conferences, gave full scope to his sense of dramatic setting. He wrote also of lesser things—of a visit to Madame Tussaud's, of the Carpentier-Siki fight, of a Pilgrims' Dinner—but always with a keen sense of their significance as contemporary phenomena, and always with that hardly suppressed savagery of satire (when such was called for) that gave his writing its peculiar tang, and reflected something big and unsatisfied in his own inner life. And to dip into the score of essays in 'Leviathan' is to live again for a few moments in the restless, flickering glamour of those years which already are beginning to seem much more remote than the calendar allows. When Bolitho went to Madame Tussaud's, the waxen figures seemed to rise up and cry aloud to him. At Essen, in Paris, or at Lausanne, the statesmen and magnates stood up likewise with the horrifying reality of wax dummies in sinister animation. Curzons and Chicherins twitch and gyrate in their historic antics like *fantoccini*; Zaharoff and Venizelos rattle their political dice in the Avenue du Bois; Poincaré, Léon Daudet, Dorten the Separatist and Ernest Judet are all suddenly disclosed as hero-villains of their own melodramas. Words, scenery, properties and production, of course, were unmistakably Bolitho's; but the show was living, significant, convincing.

In one minor field of contemporary writing also he excelled. He was one of the very few writers who can retell the story of a famous crime with accuracy, clarity and real psychological intelligence of character; that he did so vividly goes without saying. I can think of no book of its class that equals the study of five notorious murderers which he published as 'Murder for Profit' (Cape) three or four years ago.

Bolitho had the right approach to this beguiling but difficult theme. A murder trial, read dispassionately, is a kind of back door into the social structure. Hardly anywhere will you find a sharper and more immediate picture of the intimate life of a class, a family, an epoch, than in those cross-sections which are sliced off by examination and cross-examination, by letters and docketed exhibits, by all the rest of society's intricate preparations for the knotting of a noose. How clear and living these sudden pictures can be! Read the detailed story of Thurtell and Hunt, observe their gig trundling out of the Edgware Road—and all the "fast," prize-fighting, bull-baiting London of a century ago springs into life. In the verbatim reports of Steinie Morrison's trial you will find a Whitechapel more remote and mysterious than Kamschatka. From the evidence recounting the last, fatal supper-party at Dr. Crippen's home in Holloway, there emerges a ghostly simulacrum of thousands of London's respectable semi-detached villas. . . .

The figures Bolitho painted in 'Murder for Profit' were what he termed the "professional or mass-murderers," and the men he chose were Burke, Troppmann, George Joseph Smith, Landru and Fritz Haarmann. A sorry gang—but how they live in his pages! He succeeded in making them do so, because he was always interested in the two things which less skilful hands in this field of writing always botch—the exact social background of the actors and the search for that crucial but elusive moment in the history of a murderer when, excusing himself perhaps with some queer little fiction of his own imagination, he crosses "that profound but narrow chasm that separates the theft of property from the theft of life." For the former of these elements, let the reader look at his picture of the dreary seaside resorts where Smith picked and lured his victims among the ageing sex-starved spinsters who were his speciality, at the queer world of petty backstairs trading and trickery in which Landru lived, or at the nightmare background against which the monstrous Haarmann stealthily moved in the Germany of the 'Schieber' and their hideous satellites. For the skill of his psychological touch, let him look how well he reconstructs the path which led the Alsatian youth, Troppmann, in the last days of the Second Empire, from a mere project of fraud to the wholesale butchering of a whole family in order to cover his traces. Bolitho had the roots of a powerful novelist within him, as these gifts showed. In mourning the premature death of a very able journalist, I mourn also the death of many possibilities that had not fully matured in his personality.

QUINCUNX

NEW NOVELS

Guerra. By Alfred Neumann. Knopf. 8s. 6d.
A Room in Berlin. By Günther Birkenfeld.
Translated by Eric Sutton. Constable.
7s. 6d.

Kyra, My Sister. By Panait Istrati. Translated
by Anthony Thorne. Humphrey Toulmin.
7s. 6d.

Matka Boska (Mother of God). By Cecile Ines
Loos. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith.
Cape. 7s. 6d.

"BOOKS which you must buy, borrow or steal" was once the slogan of an ingratiating publisher. "—but need not finish" is the safeguarding conclusion that might be suggested by the reviewer in his capacity as reader's guide, philosopher and friend. Therefore let the reader be forewarned that, however he may acquire this week's new novels, a stern, though remunerative, task will be ahead of him.

Of *Guerra*, the rebel leader exiled in Elba, Alfred Neumann tells us that "he had led a halcyon existence writing poetry, seducing the fisher girls, watching the hair turn grey above his hard handsome features and thinking and reflecting."

It is an enormous canvas that Dr. Neumann covers with his tale of political intrigue and tragic love affairs. Framed against the panorama of the 1848 Revolution in Italy there are all the elements of grand opera about this historical romance of the returned exile's rise to power, renunciation of the woman who loves him and, later, sacrifice of blood transfusion to save her life before falling a victim to an assassin's bullet. Yet, big though the subject is, the treatment seems to lack that quality of emotional intensity, personally experienced, which achieves universality by incidental power of telling each reader more about himself.

From Berlin comes the grim story of a working-class family's battle against poverty and temptation under the crushing burden of unemployment. Oppressed by the sense that he is contributing nothing to the upkeep of the room in Berlin in which he and his two sisters live and sleep, Paul Schwarzer turns boxer, after refusing even more sinister offers of employment. How he succumbs to the temptations that overcrowding of tenements so often brings in its train, is told with a real sense of delicacy and none of that forced absence of shame so popular with the writers of the Unnaturally Bright Young People school.

No one could accuse Panait Istrati's hero of overstatement when, half way through his chronicle of violence and unnatural vice, he pauses to remark, "I was sixteen, and not inexperienced." For already the handsome youth who was to decline miserably into Stavro, the vagabond lemonade-seller, had seen his brother murdered, his mother disfigured, his sister abducted and had himself been "kept" by a rich effendi and experienced the traditional orgies of the East.

To the English reader, whose life is hedged so safely in by welfare societies and sanitary plumbing, the story seems as fantastic as the 'Arabian Nights.' It is told, too, with a true Oriental gift for swift, observant narration. There is no attempt at self-justification or self-analysis, only a frank and ready acceptance of the grubby, teeming life of the Balkans. All its philosophy is contained in the advice which Stavro's mother gives to Kyra, his sister, and himself before finally parting from them:

If, as I think, you do not feel disposed to live a life of virtue—which is God's gift and a joy in itself—then don't be virtuous and repress yourself out of all humanity. Don't go against God's will, be as He made you. Be wanton—lose your morals, in fact, but not your heart . . . for a heartless man, my children, is like a corpse, and prevents other people from living.

In 'Matka Boska' a Swiss novelist has given us a grim tale of Might often trading under the guise of piety and for the most part triumphing over Right on the Polish countryside. From her earliest memories the shadow of oppression has lain heavily over the life of Meliska, an illiterate peasant girl. We see her spirit starved of love in childhood and warped into hostility by the callous treatment of her employers. She becomes a persistent thief as the impression of an inimical world creates in her a belief that only through the acquisition of possessions can immunity from suffering be procured.

Still dimly in her mind, however, lingers the remembrance of the picture of the Mother of God which hung in the cottage of her youth and, despite the experiences that numb and deaden her character, she retains throughout comforted glimpses of inspiration traceable to that early image till finally she dies in an asylum clutching to her possessions, yet identifying herself with the divine source of consolation.

REVIEWS

A LIGHT ON INDIA

Bengal Lancer. By F. Yeats-Brown. Gollancz. 9s.

LIKE everyone else, I have read several books on India, but none from which I have carried away so rich a glimpse as this. The story of Major Yeats-Brown as a subaltern in the Bengal Lancers, with his accounts of polo, pig-sticking and sport, his experiences on the North-West frontier, his gradual interest in Hindu religion, his experiments in the practice of Yoga, his doings in France and in Mesopotamia, where he flew and was made a captive till he escaped from the Turks, his growing preoccupation with Brahminism, will be called extraordinary. So, indeed, it is, but what a reflection on the British in India that so few have cared for its living stream of thought or even wanted to penetrate the veil, a corner of which one officer has lifted so tantalizingly.

This is not a long book, but it has no wasted word, and the author can describe anything with quiet mastery. Hitherto, only Mr. Neville Lytton seemed to me to excel in describing occupations in which I took no interest, games which I have never played, for instance, in such a manner that the reading was delightful. Major Yeats-Brown has the same faculty. His polo match is as exciting as his pig-sticking, and neither holds you more tensely than the conversations with Indian gurus and others which he describes. On scenery and surroundings he is equally vivid, and his economy of phrase is moving as well as terse. His interview with the angry recruit whom he found lurking with a knife upon his veranda has the precision of an etching, and its telling carries you also into the secrets of humanity and command. The first indication that he differs from the average Englishman in India is that he would turn from his military routine to solitude, would feel nearer to realities than at home, and would seek light from Mrs. Besant on the System of the Vedanta. Such an all-round person is inspiring, for the author is not one who became a soldier by mistake, but simply a man sufficiently alive not only to do his work well but to have a dozen interests outside it.

The quality of the writing can be guessed from the following:

I watched the dancer first with curiosity, then fascination. Here was release and rapture. As she danced on and on to the music of her drunken drummers, some rhythm or religion from the night of time sounded on my skin and gathered itself into my pulses. I could feel as well as hear the beating of the drums. . . . Those infinitely subtle movements slid into my soul and spoke to me of times long past, when the rhythms of the body were worshipped in the pantomime of Creation, and David danced before the altar of Jehovah. Somewhere in space these spells survive, for their delight is deathless.

A Brahmin is talking:

There are no secrets to be discovered in Yoga, but there are many things to be learned. Yoga is not a medicine to be taken at a gulp. Nor is it a dogma. It is a set of exercises. Yoga is a physical as well as mental process . . . so Yoga can be realized only by the senses and never explained by words. You come from a culture that has made a fetish of the brain. You come from a different climate. We are an old race, and our religions—for they are many—are full of beauty and decay.

We Europeans are always giving something to somebody. Christianity for instance. Then education. Now we give our ideas of democracy. All this is alien to the Hindu mind. . . . These differences go deep down. We can bridge them with our brains, but hardly with our hearts.

There are further, equally interesting, conversations, one of the delights of which is the familiarity of the Indian speakers with Western notions. Terms or

names, the integral calculus, relativity, Freud or Einstein, slip off their tongues as readily as our own—to illustrate the wisdom that the scientific West is neglecting! The effect of these passages is to confirm the growing distrust of a European in the quality of our civilization. That phrase, you make "a fetish of the brain," cuts deep. Just as Spain, we are told, scoffs at Imperialism—this being a crude and early phase which Spain left behind long ago—so the Hindu may be untempted by the quality of Western existence. After all, has any life of pretension been thinner than that of the industrial civilization of our day? What deep satisfaction is there for our busy population? We see that the things which we have do not content us as we confront our harried faces in street or train, and we may see, any fine morning, beyond the maze of streets or under stars when we can be for a few moments alone with ourselves, that we are missing almost everything which makes life good to the countryman, to the sportsman after his quarry, to the contemplative seeking his ecstasy in solitude, to the artist with his imagination at play, to the wanderer with his feet of curiosity, to the idle with his companionship in court or tavern, to the Yogi with his body made into an instrument of escape. To all these life is a very rich possession, and in all of them, it will be noticed, the body or the imagination holds the prime place. Is it possible, then, that our fetish of the brain, now carried so far that reading becomes a substitute for mental activity, is, indeed, a fetish, a false idol that has brought misery in its train? Major Yeats-Brown's book raises the question disquietingly, but for ten who devour his pages on the exercises of Yoga, will there be one who will attempt them himself?

In such a choice of fare one may be excused for indulging a preference, but the book is such a various whole that readers who prefer guerillas to gurus will

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be just as likely to enjoy it. The long journey that the author made from the tip to the north of the peninsula contains many pictures of cities, rites and shrines. We watch the people bathing in the sacred Ganges, the teeming crowd at the festival of the Fish-eyed Goddess, the phallic sculptures on the temple of Madura (which embody images of sex not far removed from the mental theories of Freud, and therefore presumably more instructive to the people), and are present when the Car of Jaganath sways in its straight path along his ride, and there is a hint always of the living meaning of each spectacle. "The tide of faith and ecstasy," as the author terms it, begins to communicate itself. We also visit a sage who at will could fill the room with any scent desired, and a soldier on the watch could find no explanation. His brain refused the miracle, but, when burning cattle dung arose, his nose, like that of Trinculo, was in great indignation. The end is a quiet visit to a sage, who wraps himself in contemplation, and there is an appendix in which the raising of Lazarus is discussed by the light of some practices in India. The book is bound to be a success, for it is of rare quality. May the author still grow in wisdom and take us into his confidence again! On page 235 the West is shown why Hindu wisdom quarrels with it.

Dust-jackets are such a nuisance to all but book-sellers that one generally resents those which invite us to keep them. This jacket is covered with print, with a clear summary of the book and a useful sketch of the author. It is the best I have ever seen in this kind: all news and next to no adjectives. May the success of the volume, which needs no prophecy, encourage other publishers to imitate it! Outside the wrapper is a slip stating, "The Book Society's choice for July." Let us thank then the choosing spirits of the society. If I could read for fun, instead of under the tyranny of a critical habit, which is not quite the same thing, I should now think twice before rejecting the counsels of the Book Society. This month, at any rate, they have found a very good book.

OSBERT BURDETT

MATRIMONY

Marriage, Past, Present and Future. An Outline of the History and Development of Human Sexual Relations. By Ralph de Pomerai. Constable. 15s.

THE origin of Mr. de Pomerai's book was an attempt to refute some of the generalizations of Mr. Ludovici: this takes Mr. Ludovici too seriously. Nevertheless, however it originated, we welcome an interesting book. Its orientation is fundamentally right, and we are glad that the author has joined those who in the last decade have rallied round the idea that the old moral code based on inherently false ideas of sex union is being replaced by a better. The author says: "I have endeavoured to show that a new moral code is in the process of development, and that this code, which deprecates chastity at the expense of mental and physical health as strongly as it condemns licentiousness, is established upon a firm scientific basis."

Many themes contribute to the book, the nearest to "practical politics" being divorce reform. One doubts that many of those who are eager for divorce reform would go so far as the author, who says, "We would suggest, therefore, that conjugal default on the part of either of the partners for the period of one year should constitute the legal ground for the granting of a divorce." All must agree with his fundamental proposition that as divorce should be remedial it should be made honourable and dignified and no longer demand the committal of a misdemeanour.

This book is so admirable in many ways that it should

be just a little better than it is. For instance, though the author gives a great many references to volumes written by others, he does not give the dates of the volumes, which very much reduces the value of his citations to a fellow worker; and where he mentions the transactions of a society he does not use the internationally accepted nomenclature.

That the author is not quite fully equipped for the task he has in many respects so ably accomplished is also shown by a slight lack of discrimination in his quotations from other authorities. For instance, he quotes repeatedly as though he were a real authority what Dr. Courtenay Beale says in his book, 'Wise Wedlock,' and he does this frequently in conjunction with myself, as, for instance, discussing the influence of incomplete intercourse: "It is estimated that seven out of every ten married women of the English-speaking race experience no climax in the conjugal embrace," writes Dr. Courtenay Beale; while Dr. Marie Stopes declares that 'it is, perhaps, hardly an exaggeration to say that 70 or 80 per cent. of our married women (in the middle classes) are deprived of the full orgasm through the excessive speed of the husband's reactions, or through some maladjustment.' Mr. de Pomerai is apparently unaware that the book 'Wise Wedlock,' written by the so-called "Dr. Courtenay Beale," first appeared in a wrapper which was a bare-faced imitation of my own books. 'Wise Wedlock' was so largely a paraphrase and rehash of my books 'Married Love' and 'Wise Parenthood' that I endeavoured to serve a writ for infringement of my copyright, but not even Scotland Yard could discover the so-called "Dr. Courtenay Beale." A commercial firm ran an advisory bureau through which people could get from the so-called "Dr. Courtenay Beale" for 7s. 6d. his "signed reply in a plain sealed envelope," in various handwritings. Doubtless "he" derived some information from this bureau and Dr. Beale's later

PASCAL

BY

JACQUES CHEVALIER

Translated by Lilian Clare

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"Every schoolboy, in the notorious Macaulayan phrase, is presumed to know his Pascal, but actually there is strangely little about him in English. Perhaps the lack of a first-rate biography is one reason for the neglect, but this can no longer be pleaded in excuse. M. Chevalier not only makes the man but the time and the Port-Royal controversy live again. An admirable piece of work."

—Saturday Review.

"Stimulating, provocative."

—Everyman.

SHEED & WARD

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books are less slavish imitations of my own; but in a book of the standing of the one under review it is rather amusing to find so often "Dr. Courtenay Beale" quoted as the authority, and myself as the "also ran." These are, however, but minor blemishes in a good book.

The author tells us in his preface that his main theme combats the widespread opinion of the inherent impurity of sex intercourse; he succeeds in making one feel that facts and arguments brought to bear on the modern idea that procreation is not the sole or even the highest function served by matrimony are to be welcomed.

As these ideas lie behind his work, incidents and arguments hostile to the priests of organized religions are inevitably scattered throughout his pages. The interesting idea of polyandry as a method of birth control will be somewhat shocking to priests to-day, who must, one presumes, be accustomed to the idea of polygamy as a method of keeping births up.

In the chapter on the development of ideas concerning celibacy and adultery he tilts a lance at St. Paul and the early Christian Fathers, and gives some interesting and novel explanations of the possible origin of the sense of guilt and self-consciousness concerning the sex act.

The sex relations of the future lead Mr. Pomerai in too many fantastic directions. Neither Mr. Bernard Shaw nor Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, whom he quotes with approval, are likely to see any highly evolved "ectogenetic children" were they to return to this world ages hence. His arguments ignore the subtleties of human physiology, and still more subtle human psychology. Far from anticipating "smaller children more easily produced," as does Mr. Pomerai, I personally anticipate, as I did years ago in 'Radiant Motherhood,' that of the highly evolved the complete period of pregnancy will be not our present nine, but ten months, and that in the last weeks the child will gain just those incalculable things which make the supreme personality.

However, nothing is less profitable than prophecy, and returning from these imaginary fields we must thank the author for a book on important subjects mainly on the right lines, and welcome him to the ranks of those endeavouring to advance a new and sane moral code.

MARIE C. STOPES

GREEK AT ITS BEST

The Oxford Book of Greek Verse. Chosen by Gilbert Murray, Cyril Bayley, E. A. Barber, T. F. Higham and C. M. Bowra. With an Introduction by C. M. Bowra. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.

OF recent years publishers have ventured on several Latin anthologies but no Greek collection, though Greek has the finer, larger range. So this book is overdue and its 706 selections give generous measure, while they show a good taste and research which should satisfy anybody but a determined Zoilus. Mr. Bowra, who is among the youngest of the choosers, introduces the book with a stimulating essay of some forty pages full of points. He tells us that Homer implies "centuries of selective and sensitive labour" and might have added that the discovery of the Minoan script knocks out Wolf's assumption that writing was rare or unknown in Homer's day. The 'Iliad' is nearer to fact than was once thought, and if Mr. Bowra does not know when there was a siege of Troy, he can find it dated by an Oxford Professor of Archaeology. Much of the work of Hesiod is attributed to Delphi, which looked after religion and literature, and it is pleasant to see the last Oracle of despair over the ruined shrine included.

Care has been taken to separate the leading ideas of the three tragedians. Euripides, who supplies over fifty pieces, is now popular in Prof. Murray's versions and has even been called the Bernard Shaw of his age. His variety is emphasized, while his acceptance of the formal conventions of the drama is noted. His long and often dull prologues may have been a deliberate device to get the restless Athenians well settled in their seats before the real action began. He was particularly bold, as Mr. Bowra says, in dealing with the Chorus. In the 'Heracles Furens' the nominal chorus of Theban elders yields to the old poet in person, No. 369. He praises youth and declares his resolve to go on mingling the Muses and the Graces, living ever among the singer's crowns and celebrating Memory. A fragment, No. 389, complains:

Alas, alas! how true the old tale is!

We ancient men are naught but empty sound

And shape; we creep like counterfeits of dreams.

We have no mind and think our sense is great.

But in general, considering the means we have and the Greeks lacked for reducing the handicaps of old age, the tone of Greek poetry is astonishingly cheerful. The late Alexandrian Palladas is an exception. His steady gloom about the futility of life has evidently pleased the selectors and he is described as a sort of inverted Father of the Church, hating Christianity, yet learning much from it. The Alexandrian poets had conspicuous merits at their best; at their worst they are sad pedants. It seems rather unnecessary to say that "Meleager is a better and more interesting poet than Lycophron." Who, having toiled through his 'Alexandra,' wants to read it again? Theocritus with his Gorgo and Praxinoa going to a show, No. 500, is alive to-day and we all know the mob who "push like pigs."

The average reader of Greek will find some things that are new to him and several effective scraps, like

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that about the wand-bearers and the true Bacchanals, which was once paraphrased, "Many waggle the club who never reach the green." The fine work of Empedocles is worth attention and royal verses are well enough in the hands of Philip of Macedon and Julian, writing on Beer of all things. But one delightful addition is missing. The 'Oxford Book of Latin Verse' has some sixty pages of 'Translations and Imitations' and there is nothing of the sort here, probably because of the greater length of the Greek volume, 607 pages. Homer, who occupies over 100 pages, might have been reduced and a page or two at the end might have explained briefly where the charm of Greek has been carried over into English. No. 11 of Homer is familiar to lovers of Tennyson. Something of the perfection of Sophocles appears in Calverley's version of the great speech of Ajax, No. 312, while the speech of Œdipus to Theseus, No. 330, has been unforgettably rendered by Prof. Murray. Considerations of space must be responsible for this omission. One can hardly suppose that to-day a band of Grecians would follow that Oxford Professor who edited the treatise of Aristotle containing his most famous definition and deliberately refused to say anything about its later use.

VERNON RENDALL

MINISTERING ANGELS

Women Bluebeards. By Elliot O'Donnell.
Stanley Paul. 18s.

THE author's material embraces ladies of such homicidal tendencies as the Toffana, Joanna I of Naples, the Countess Bonmartini, the husband poisoners of East Anglia, and Mlle. Jaborouski, who first had her lovers decapitated, and, after enjoying the spectacle of their death agonies, caused their heads to be pickled for preservation as souvenirs. It would seem difficult not to be interesting when describing any of these

personages, but Mr. O'Donnell has achieved the really remarkable and difficult feat of making all his narratives both dull and bald. His methods are those of the newspaper reporter who sets down facts without attempting to analyse the underlying psychology, which is, of course, the only element that invests the majority of murders with any degree of interest.

While it would be as interesting as it would be profitable to set down the motives apart from those of a purely mercenary character, which led to the husband-poisoning epidemics in Norfolk and Suffolk, the author merely recounts one case after another. It would also be extremely interesting to understand why so many women determined to poison their husbands or lovers should have practised so little concealment as to talk freely of their intentions—an attitude not characteristic of the man who deliberately commits murder—and to know what was the strength of personality which enabled them to intimidate their confidants into keeping silent. Mr. O'Donnell tells us nothing about these matters.

Moreover, while he insists, with perfect justice, that "history is history; it must not record what it does not know," he relies far too much on suppositions and probabilities. In this connexion, one would like to know the nature of the "ample corroboration" for the hearsay story that the Bolsheviks employ an instrument of torture consisting of a species of stomach pump for extracting the brains of their victims through the ears.

The author's style, which is packed with the stock phrases of the penny novelette, such as "the same old story," is well illustrated by the following extract, which is also typical of his methods:

Would it not be surprising if the kisses she every now and then bestowed on him with her fresh and beautiful young lips, pressed to his, were not followed by an embrace of even more intimate and guilty nature?

Marvellous, my dear Watson.

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A NORTHERN A BECKET

The Conflict: A Saga of the Seventh Century.
By E. E. Kellett. Constable. 12s.

SOME three years ago we reviewed in these columns the life of St. Wilfrid by his companion and admirer Eddi. All biographies ought to be written by admirers, but Eddi presumed too much on the licence accorded them. Wilfrid is always in the right, and every opponent is inspired by the Evil One. Kipling's picture of Wilfrid in his later years as the apostle of Sussex shows him in a milder mood, and indeed he must always have been gracious to his inferiors so long as they recognized their inferiority, which kings and other great men were not disposed to do. Mr. Kellett tells the story of Wilfrid from the point of view of Egfrith, king of Northumberland, and puts a very different complexion on the narrative. The failure of Egfrith's first marriage, owing to the vow of virginity taken by Ethilthryth with Wilfrid's secret connivance, and his second marriage with Iurminburg, to whom Eddi attributes the hostility of Egfrith, are the central framework of the story, while Cynewulf, misplaced in date some half-century, is the only anachronism among the personages of the saga. About the minor incidents of the narrative we are not quite so sure; it is unlikely that the hardy warriors of Northumbria should have known of the rites not only of the peoples they conquered, who were most probably Romanized Britons and half Christian, but of the neolithic peoples who had been subdued by them a millennium earlier—it is putting too great a strain on folk-memory. Apart from this Mr. Kellett succeeds admirably in reconstructing for us the atmosphere of a period when Christianity had only just established its footing in the North of England and the belief in the old gods was still strong; his pictures of social life and his descriptions of scenes of incantation show that mixture of imagination and documentation which marks the scholar; and his choice of vocabulary and style is sufficiently removed from everyday language to prepare the reader for the unfamiliar and the striking. The saga is an object lesson in "that ingrained, if not always expressed, opposition between the laity and the clergy which has ever been strong in England," which the case of Lord Strickland shows is not yet quite extinct.

WILD BEASTS AND THEIR WAYS

Life Stories of Big Game. By W. S. Chadwick.
Witherby. 10s. 6d.

MR. CHADWICK'S observations on the habits of animals are of great interest from a natural history point of view, for he has had twenty-six years' experience of wild life in Africa. The wild beasts described include the buffalo, lion, elephant, rhinoceros and leopard, as well as the crocodile, hippopotamus and hyena, although the last three can scarcely be described as "game." But of his descriptive sketches the best are, perhaps, those of the crocodile and hyena, whose habits the author has evidently observed very closely. He relates the life-history of wild beasts from, as it were, their own point of view, a somewhat unwise course, for it may lead to ascribing to them a "human" process of reasoning which they do not possess. His stories are, as he says, somewhat grim; but nature, like war, is "red in tooth and claw," and "the warp of savagery and terror is inextricably woven with the woof of beauty."

The tendency to ascribe to animals human modes of reasoning may be illustrated from the account of the wounded buffalo turning on a line parallel to his tracks and lying in wait to avenge himself on his enemy, "knowing that he would follow." This idea has been ascribed to great oxen in India, but it is

improbable that the animal has followed such a mental process in taking its course. The author's close observation is evident from his descriptions of the young of wild beasts, as, for example, the fact that newborn lions can see, whereas leopards do not open their eyes until eight or nine days after birth. He speaks of the propensity of male lions to devour their young; cannibal tigers will also, like some human beings, eat enemies of their own species slain in battle. He rightly points out that man-eating is not hereditary; it is generally due to the teaching of the young by a man-eating mother.

Several controversial questions may be raised on the author's observations. It is disputed whether lions hunt by scent, but he is supported by the great authority of Selous in holding that carnivorous animals hunt entirely by this means. It is otherwise with tigers and leopards in India, which hunt by sight and hearing. Mr. Chadwick's observations, contrary to the common idea, bear out the fact that carnivora in seeking their prey do not fear fire, but will snatch their victims from beside it. But I believe him to be wrong in supposing that lions and leopards suck the blood of their victims, although this is a commonly accepted notion. Nor do they usually "spring" by launching themselves through the air, on to their prey; they rush up and seize it.

The action of a leopard worrying for five minutes a sportsman it had seized after being wounded is surely unusual. In such circumstances these animals generally inflict a bite or two and then retreat hastily to cover. There is no "hopelessness in sitting up over a kill" to shoot leopards; it is a method frequently and successfully adopted, and they may even be shot by the light of a lamp placed near the kill. Whether wild animals "instinctively fear man," as the author says, is open to question. In places where they have not been molested this is not the case, as

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Darwin found in the Galapagos Islands and elsewhere. In parks and preserves they soon lose their fear of man, which seems to be an acquired and not an inherited characteristic.

If we have touched on many points regarding which there may be differences of opinion, it is not to deprecate in any way the author's powers of observation. These are evident on nearly every page of his book, whether it be with regard to his interesting information about the age of animals, on the sexual characters of the hyena which have given rise to the myth that it is bi-sexual, and on many other points. Old-fashioned sportsmen like the present writer will probably prefer Mr. Woodhouse's illustrations to the usual photographs.

R. G. BURTON

"NIGGER HEAVEN"

Green Pastures. By Marc Connelly. Gollancz. 6s.

MR. CONNELLY'S play has created something of a sensation in New York, where it has been acclaimed as one of the masterpieces of modern drama. The mere reader is, of course, at a disadvantage; although he can visualize its presentation on the stage, this is a play in which acting and production obviously count for a good deal in getting it over the footlights.

Its theme is of unusual interest, that of "an attempt to present certain aspects of a living religion in the terms of its believers." The creed is the highly anthropomorphic Christianity of the Louisiana negro, to whom the characters of the Old and New Testaments have precisely the same reality as the men and women of his own main street. He sees nothing blasphemous, let alone incongruous, in the representation of the Almighty as a typical preacher in frock coat and top hat, giving and accepting

"ten-cent seegars," and benevolently presiding over picnics at which archangels distribute diplomas for proficiency in the Scriptures among juvenile angels. In fact, a twentieth-century miracle play, but in terms of black and not white.

Mr. Connelly's method is epitomized in the following dialogue, in which Noah, after being warned of the approaching deluge, receives his instructions in regard to the building and equipment of the Ark:

Noah: Bout snakes? Think you'd like snakes, too.

God: Certainly, I want snakes.

Noah: Oh, I kin git snakes, lots of 'em. Co'se, some of 'em's a little dangerous. Maybe I better take a kag of likker, too?

God: You kin have a kag of likker.

Noah (musingly): Yes, suh, dey's a awful lot o' differ'nt snakes. . . . Maybe I better take two kags o' likker.

God (mildly): I think de one kag's enough.

Noah: No, I better take two kags. Besides, I kin put one on each side o' de boat, an' balance de ship wid dem as well as havin' dem fo' medicinal use.

God: You kin put one kag in de middle of de ship.

This is, of course, purely medieval. But Mr. Connelly's Deity is not earth-bound, and a profound and moving spiritual philosophy underlies the play, that man's redemption comes through suffering and labour, and that "mankin' mus' be all right at de core or else why did I ever bother wid him in de first place?"

The English publishers ask whether this play will pass the censor. The Lord Chamberlain has issued his veto; the play is not altogether suitable for general presentation in this country, since so completely alien a psychology would either move an English audience to ribald mirth, or be interpreted as blasphemous. But it is to be hoped that 'Green Pastures' will be done by one of our producing societies.

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Saturday Review, July 12

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SHORTER NOTICES

Brief Candles. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE short story in Mr. Huxley's hands reminds us irresistibly of much modern music. The theme is really not important enough for such elaboration. There are fine moments, but we are often lost in the wood and turn the pages, not to see how the story will end, but to find out how much more of this sort of thing we are in for. 'After the Fireworks' shows Mr. Huxley at his best and worst. It is the study of the seduction of a vulgar little girl who wants to be seduced by a *blasé* middle-aged novelist who does not want to seduce her. There are the usual brilliant flashes and even some fine steady flames, but this candle, which reminds us of the monumental affairs that they light in Roman Catholic churches at Easter, burns at best fitfully and is at last snuffed out with impatient hand by the author himself.

Company I Have Kept. By Henry S. Salt. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

THE affection which Eton, more than any other school, inspires in its scholars is a matter of wonderment to those who have not had the good fortune to go there, and Mr. Salt's life as a pupil and a teacher has been bound up with Eton. Of this he has already told us, and the company he now introduces us to is of a less select character, or shall we rather say, self-selected on a different basis. Mr. Salt is a sane but extreme humanitarian, understanding and sympathizing with the congeries of differing beliefs which are briefly summed up as "cranks," and getting the best out of their company. He has pictures of the early days of modern Socialism from the day when William Morris lectured at Eton and shocked the authorities, and knew many of the old leaders of it, now dead or extinct volcanoes like Burns and Mann. He calls attention to poets too greatly neglected, Francis Adams and John Barlas; he had a great part in the revival of interest in Thoreau, and he writes lovingly of birds and flowers. It is a pleasant reminiscence of a happy life which will carry over some of its pleasure to its readers.

Some Craftie Arts. By Jan Gordon. Kennerley. 5s. 6d.

MR. GORDON in the interval between vagabonding in the four corners of the earth found himself in seat J. 5 of the British Museum Reading Room and proceeded to fill up time by seeing what the catalogue had to say about Art. He found nothing of what he had expected, but he did find the titles of a large number of books by unknown authors whose titles began with the word Art. Their subjects are varied from Love, and Keeping Women Faithful, to Painting in Cheese, Venery, and Dress; and the reactions they have produced in a mind like Mr. Gordon's have resulted in a strange and rather Rabelaisian book which will be read with amusement if not with profit. It is well designed and printed.

Time, Taste and Furniture. By John Gloag. Richards. 8s. 6d.

MR. GLOAG, although he gives us a fairly complete history of furniture from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century, does so in order to demonstrate the history of the craft, so that he may link the art of the old furniture maker with that of the craftsman of to-day. The object of the book is to encourage the patronage of living workmen and modern furniture, and to discourage the craze for the antique and the imitation antique which followed on the revulsion from the Gothic revival. Mr. Gloag

makes out a good case for the modern craftsman and his work, but surely this work derives from the eighteenth century rather than from the Gothic revival, which, making a clearance of the amazing furniture of the early 'sixties, gave us cabinets, chairs, overmantels, etc., even more offensive. The revival of "Chippendale" set the craftsman once more on right lines, and the influence of the great eighteenth-century craftsman is to be seen in the best of our modern work. The book is fully illustrated.

The Royal Navy. By Geoffrey Parratt. Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a useful and comprehensive book, in which a great deal of information is compressed within comparatively small limits. Mr. Parratt traces the history and evolution of the Navy from the time of the Norman Conquest to Jutland, from the carrack to the complicated fighting machine of to-day. The naval side of the great war—adequately dealt with here in a separate section—showed us sufficient of the destructive power of modern armaments—but one can still marvel at the terrible power of modern guns and projectiles as compared with those of Nelson's day. Mr. Parratt gives an interesting table of comparisons in his matter—between the principal gun of Nelson's day, which threw a solid projectile, weighing thirty-two pounds, with no penetration, a distance of 600 yards, and a gun in the battleship *Nelson* of to-day, a high explosive shell from which, weighing 2,248 pounds, has a range of twenty miles, and at 1,000 yards can penetrate nearly five feet of wrought iron!

The Congreves. By L. H. Thornton and P. Fraser. Murray. 15s.

IT was surely fitting that when death came to that fine soldier Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., it found him Governor of the Island through whose storied past go



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riding the Knights of St. John. Ten years before, his own "Blessed Billy" (Captain and Brevet-Major W. L. T. Congreve, V.C.) had died in battle on the Somme in his twenty-sixth year, and the simple records here given of the lives of father and son are a moving tribute to a dual achievement not easily matched in military annals. When General Congreve went to France he carried 'Tristram Shandy' in one pocket and in the other Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'; and when his left hand had been blown off he at once wrote to his lady with his right, lest a dictated letter should alarm her. These two facts are as significantly and beautifully inter-related as was the son himself to a father—who, when news was brought to him of the young man's end, "After a few seconds of silence said quite calmly, 'He was a good soldier.'" Only a week or two previously "Billy" had married Mr. Cyril Maude's daughter, Pamela, and now from his letters and diaries she has fashioned a fragrant offering to his memory.

Woodfill of the Regulars. Told by Lowell Thomas. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

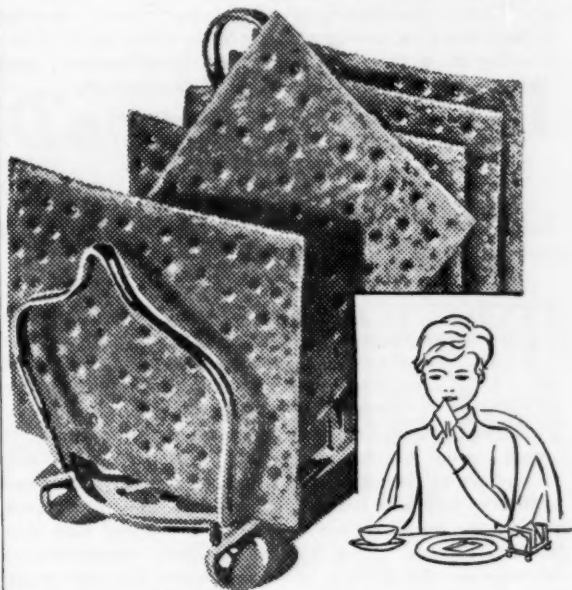
THIS is the story of an American soldier's life. Woodfill was described by Pershing as "the outstanding soldier of the A.E.F.," and it was undoubtedly this phrase—which may seem quaint in our ears—that set the Lowell Thomases to work. He had thirty-three years' soldiering, in the Philippines, Alaska, Mexico, and France, where he rose to a temporary captaincy. After the show he joined up again as a corporal. He was a crack shot and a mighty hunter—his yarns of Alaska, where he was generally the official hunter for the company pot, will stand with any such. And the exploit in France for which he collected the Congressional Medal of Honour, the American V.C., deserves to be well known: single-handed, he stalked five troublesome machine-gun posts in succession and cleaned up every man. He appears throughout as a steady, trustworthy, quiet man who was also thoroughly popular. The book is written in the first person, but the style has not much resemblance to Woodfill. To use the first person and then say, "Told by Lowell Thomas," is confusing; a more accurate attribution would have been "As Sergeant Woodfill would have told it had he been Lowell Thomas." But the effect is entertaining, for the book is packed with good stories and adventures, in the breezy, engaging manner of a vernacular cowboy novel. It is a good piece of journalism, readable and worth reading, not least for the inside light it gives on the American Army.

The Beloved Adventuress. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Nash. 7s. 6d.

MR. EDMUND D'AUVERGNE has written several volumes of social history that contain more subtle psychology, woven into more exciting plots, than one can discover on dozens of shelves labelled "Fiction and Romance." But the subscribers to circulating libraries are not a very well-informed set and must be lured by a more frivolous façade to the house of entertainment. So Mr. d'Auvergne has written another novel. Being a wise man, he knows that truth is far stranger than fiction; and has, he admits, closely followed the adventures of a woman who really lived. The admission was very necessary; otherwise this amazing tale of the eighteenth century might have been dismissed as beyond the limits of possibility. Those who are well read in the literature and history of the period will be charmed by the many bright flashes which reveal dozens of real creatures whom the historians have too often buried in official shrouds. But, for the moment, Mr. d'Auvergne claims our attention as a novelist, *tout court*. He has scored a great success.

Letters from Mary Goodbody

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My dearest Amy,

You need *never* apologise for "worrying" me about the children. And I must say you're quite right about their *teeth*, because whether they grow up with strong, sound teeth depends on the care taken of them now.

If I were you, I should give them that nice Vita-Weat instead of ordinary bread. It's the whole-wheat crispbread, you know, that Peek Freans make. They'll like it better than bread, and its "crunchiness" is the best thing possible for their teeth. Also it's packed full of those things they call vitamins, and very good for the inside. I find that children who eat Vita-Weat seldom or never need aperients.

If you ask Dr. Macdonald, he'll tell you all about Vita-Weat. And if you and James take to it yourselves, you'll both feel all the better for it....

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Ladies in Waiting. By John Dellbridge. Kennerley. 7s. 6d.

THIS unusual and well-written story deals with the history of a young well-born West Indian during his novitiate for the priesthood. He arouses the curiosity and awakens the passion of three women—*The Ladies in Waiting*—without being much moved by—or, indeed, understanding—their feelings. The weak point of the story is that the hero is never allowed to meet a woman of principle; its strong points are the delineation of the training of a priest and its effect on character, and the final scene of the hero's fall and redemption.

ART

EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS

BY ADRIAN BURY

THERE are certain pictures at Mr. Walker's, Twenty-Sixth Annual Exhibition of Early English Water-Colours that every connoisseur should see. Who knows whether we shall again get a chance of looking at Cotman's classic piece the 'Mount St. Catherine, Rouen'? Perfect in colour and design, it appeals alike to the collector of beautiful things and to the technician in the medium. It has an extraordinary interest because a microscopic inspection reveals the heroic struggle that the artist had with this particular work. Judging by the knife scraping and rubbing on the trees and on the water Cotman must have been in considerable doubt as to his tone values, but his resolution and labour have transformed what might have been a failure into one of the best water-colours ever painted.

Another work in the grand manner is Callow's 'Tour de l'Horloge, Evreux.' This is a large picture expressive of the artist's ability in drawing architectural subjects and enlivening them with groups of figures. It is a massive design and the light and shade are contrasted with a fine swagger.

The revival of interest in these old things has brought to light the work of men who have been hidden for years. How many people know the pictures of J. A. Atkinson? At the beginning of last century he had a vogue for drawing military scenes and most of his water-colours were printed. His originals are exceedingly rare. There is one on exhibition at the Walker Galleries called 'Escorting a Baggage Wagon.' It was painted in France, and shows a group of women, with their household gods piled on a wagon. Behind rides an officer in the uniform of Napoleonic times, and other soldiers, one bending down and tying up his boot, are touched in with supreme skill.

For those who like the somewhat sombre style of J. R. Cozens, there are eight characteristic Italian scenes. Of the other exhibits of outstanding merit I recommend 'Porte St. Denis' by H. Edridge, A.R.A., 'Old Farmstead' by Thomas Girtin, 'Children Returning from Fishing' by H. Jutsum and the exquisite small portraits of Georgina Frances Fox and Lady Emerson Tennent by George Richmond, R.A.

THE SAVILE GALLERY

To leave Mr. Walker's tranquil scenes and enter the Savile Gallery is rather like a descent from the Elysian fields to the inferno. The critic who is expected to give a lead to the public must be wary before praising such monstrosities as Maurice Loutreuil's 'Grand Nu Assis.' This can only be accepted as a work of art if we throw overboard every hitherto accepted standard of painting, design and colour. Is it the joke of a man who is too bored even to prevent his oil and turpentine from running down the canvas? Possibly the accidental lines thus made on the picture are the

best things in it. Somebody perhaps will write an erudite book on the titles affected by Mr. Sickert. What 'Fading Echoes of Walter Scott' has to do with a group of houses none can tell but the genius of Camden Town, who at his best is a very fine painter, at his worst a cryptic humorist.

Mr. Spencer Gore's 'Winter, Mornington Crescent Gardens' in its quiet tones and colour is a distinguished piece of modernism, as is Mr. Duncan Grant's strong and vivid impression of a 'Vineyard in Provence.'

THE AMATEUR TOUCH

Some professional artists adopt a contemptuous attitude towards the amateur. This surely is a short-sighted view. The more amateurs there are the better for the condition of art. Everyone who has drawn and painted, even a little, has a clearer understanding of pictures and a more scientific critical opinion. Some of the work shown at the many amateur clubs is by no means unimportant.

The recent exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society Art Club in Pall Mall, which has been in existence for nearly fifty years, contained several pictures that do not lose in comparison with more ambitiously intended work. I see from the catalogue that the society is reinforced with a few men and women who are known professionally.

Of the notable exhibits Mr. Leech's 'Study of a Barn' is very accomplished. The drawing is solidly constructed and the washes are direct and confident. He knows how to eliminate and simplify and has taste in colour. Mrs. Lucey in her picture 'The Soochow Creek, Shanghai' relies upon a natural talent which is undoubtedly a strong one. Miss Agnes Cohen's impression of 'Boats at St. Tropez' and Mr. Boodle's lucent sketch of 'Loch Linnhee from Fort William' are pleasant.

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THE OTHER COMES WHEN "FRESH OCTOBER" ENDS.

1. Core of a fruit too much inclined to doze.
2. The ignorance of one who *nothing* knows.
3. "Hard case!" you say. Brain answers: "All the better!"
4. Sure, 'twould be his if you suppressed a letter.
5. Region of Ethiopia ruled from Rome.
6. Clip at each end fair freedom's island home.
7. Much munched by moo-cows is this wholesome hay.
8. Lucky if thus you issue from the fray.
9. The kernel of the matter, past all doubt.
10. On many a pond this plantlet floats about.
11. Known to the adept, hidden from the crowd.
12. A class of whom Old England may be proud.

Solution of Acrostic No. 431

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E	nunciatio	N	

- ¹ In the Cretan Labyrinth.
² Half one-fifth is a tenth, and a
Tithe is a tenth.
³ Martyr is Greek for witness.

ACROSTIC No. 431.—The winner is "Lilian," Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Margate, who has selected as her prize 'My Memories,' by Sir Frank Benson, published by Benn and reviewed by us on June 28. Thirty-nine other competitors named this book, fourteen chose 'The Land of the Pepper Bird,' eight 'Shrimps for Tea,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, Armadale, E. Barrett, Bolo, Boote, Mgs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Buns, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, Doric, Ursula D'Ot, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, T. Hartland, Iago, Jeff, Miss Kelly, Madge, Martha, Met, M. Milne, M. I. R., H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, M. Overton, F. M. Petty, Peter, Rabbits, Rand, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, R. Tullis, junr., Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Sir Reginald Egerton, Falcon, Farsdon, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, J. V., A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, George W. Miller, Margaret Owen, G. H. Rodolph, Stucco, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—James Hussey, Lady Mottram, Raven, M. C. S. Scott, Miss Daphne Touche, Capt. W. R. Wolaeley. All others more.

Light 7 baffled 14 solvers; Light 12, 12; Lights 3 and 9, 5; Light 5, 2; Lights 2 and 10, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 430.—One Light Wrong: G. H. Rodolph.

G. M. F.—Your solution of No. 429 did not reach us, but as you assure us that it was correct we are marking your score accordingly. Very sorry to hear of your illness.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS OF THE MONTH
(COLUMBIA)

- D.X. 62. 'Operatica' (Famous Operatic Melodies). Arranged by J. H. Squire. Parts 1 and 2.
D.X. 65. 'Der Selt'ne Beter' (Litzau and Loewe). Parts 1 and 2. In German. Ivar Andresen, Bass.
L.X. 30. 'Dance of the Flowers' Valse. 'Le Corsair' Ballet (Delibes). Lucerne Kursaal Orchestra.
D.B. 132. 'The Driver of the 8.15'; 'Aylesbury Ducks.' Malcolm McEachern, Bass.
D.B. 131. 'Nowt about 'Owt'; 'A Couple o' Dooks,' Raymond Newell, Baritone.
D.B. 136. 'Somewhere a Voice is Calling'; 'Angels Guard Thee.' Master John Bonner.
D.B. 134. 'Making a Talkie.' Descriptive Sketch by Clapham and Dwyer.
D.B. 137. 'Mighty America'; 'Carry On.' Banjo Solos by Ernest Jones.
D.B. 138. Regimental Marches. Parts 5 and 6.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH the volume of business on the Stock Exchange shows no marked signs of increase, and, although spasmodic bouts of liquidation are still seen in several directions, the underlying tendency denotes a shade more confidence than for some time past. This is attributable to the bankers' manifesto issued last week to the leaders of each of the three political parties advocating a drastic change in our fiscal system. The importance of this manifesto cannot be over-exaggerated. Its signatures include some of our greatest bankers, and all the names are of those in whom the City places considerable trust. Such a pronouncement, emanating from those who, by virtue of their grave responsibilities, do not lightly indulge in public utterances, can be looked upon as a very clear indication that the pendulum is at last swinging in a direction which should prove revolutionary in the benefits it should bring to the industry of this country. The fact that a common-sense policy is likely to be adopted considerably sooner than originally anticipated will probably have a very beneficial effect on stock markets when the fact is more generally appreciated. We have passed through such difficult times that naturally there must be a considerable amount of wreckage to clear away, while no sudden violent change can be anticipated. In view, however, of the change in the home political outlook, it is suggested that the moment is an opportune one for investors to consider locking away sound industrial shares while they are procurable at their present very depreciated levels.

CABLES AND WIRELESS

The fact that for many months the prices of Cables and Wireless stocks have seriously depreciated prepared stockholders for a very disappointing showing when the first report was issued. Unfortunately, the showing made is even worse than had been anticipated. We find that after paying the dividend on the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. cumulative preference stock a balance of £64,257 is carried forward, while no dividend is paid on the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. non-cumulative "A" ordinary stock and the "B" ordinary stock which total some £29,000,000 of capital. This is not the full tale of disappointment, as the directors anticipate that the earnings from the Imperial and International Communications Limited for the current year will not exceed £600,000, and when to this is added the other sources of income of the Cables and Wireless Company which are derived from dividends on gilt-edged investments held by the cable companies and manufacturing profits of the Marconi Company it would appear that this time next year after paying the preference dividend again an insignificant balance only will be available. The balance sheet shows that shareholdings in subsidiary companies are valued at £52,033,933, and as the dividends from these shareholdings for the year ended December 31 last represent a net return of only 2.78 per cent., it is obvious that in existing circumstances these shareholdings figure in the balance sheet at considerably over their real value. This Cables and Wireless report prompts one to express the opinion that the combine is decidedly over-capitalized. While in the past one would have

felt justified in suggesting that the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. preference stock could be considered as a gilt-edged investment, this opinion must now be radically modified. One can only hope that the future of the company will prove to be more satisfactory than is at present indicated.

EAGLES

If it were not that the public is taking such little interest in Stock Exchange matters, it is suggested that the recently issued Mexican and Canadian Eagle reports would have led to a sharp advance in the price of the shares of these two companies. As it is, on the extremely satisfactory showing made, these shares appear decidedly undervalued at the present level, and as an oil speculative investment both appear well worth locking away.

Another oil company whose results appear to justify a higher level for its shares is that of the Phoenix Oil Company. In this particular case the capital of the company is divided into 1s. shares and £1 shares. Both appear attractive but the 1s. shares in comparison with the £1 shares appear decidedly the cheaper and are recommended as possessing possibilities for the future.

NATIONAL OMNIBUS

Shareholders in the National Omnibus and Transport Company Limited, to which the attention of readers of these notes has been drawn in the past, have every reason for self-congratulation on the scheme put forward by their directors for the rearrangement of the company's capital by the return of a large proportion of capital as foreshadowed in the annual report issued last April. As is the case with several other road transport companies, the National Omnibus Company disposed of certain of its interests to various new companies, the capital of which is equally held by the National Omnibus Company and the big railway companies. The proceeds of the sale of these 50 per cent. interests at very satisfactory prices have made some return of capital not merely possible but advisable. Holders of National Omnibus £1 preference shares are to receive a return of 10s. per share in cash for each share held, while ordinary shareholders are to receive 12s. in cash. Having made these cash payments, the capital is to be consolidated, each two 10s. preference shares being joined into a new £1 preference share, while each five 8s. ordinary shares are to be consolidated into two new ordinary shares of £1 each. Holders of shares in this company, it is suggested, will be well advised to retain their interests, as this return of capital by no means exhausts the possibilities of this very successful company.

IMPERIAL CHEMICALS

Largely as an outcome of the distrust for rationalized companies with big capitals, caused by the Cables and Wireless result, the shares of Imperial Chemical Industries have suffered of late from steady depreciation. Last week-end the Hon. Henry Mond interviewed a representative group of Stock Exchange shareholders and was able to satisfy them that many of the adverse rumours which had been spread in reference to the company were groundless. One can only hope that the next report and balance sheet issued by Imperial Chemicals will supply justification for a return of full confidence in this combine's future.

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